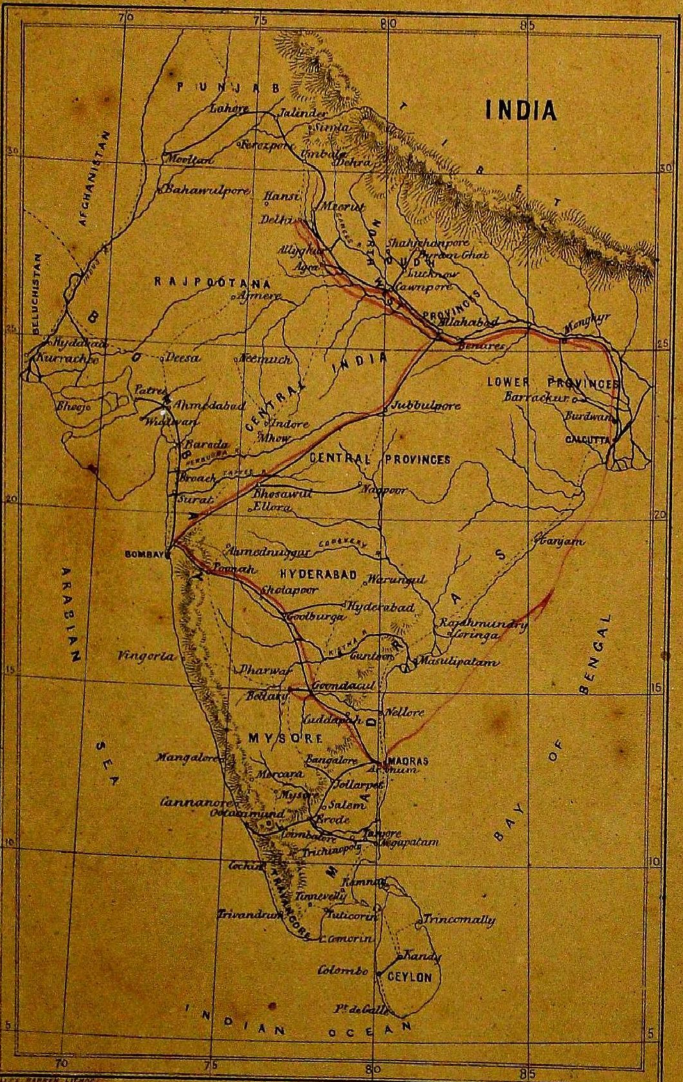

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CEYLON
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BAY OF BENGAL
INDIAN OCEAN
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Jalinder
Simla
Ferozpore
Umbala
Dehra
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Cawnpore
Ajmere
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Wudwan
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CALCUTTA
Baroda
Broach
Surat
Bhesawul
Ellora
Nagpoor
BOMBAY
Ahmednuggur
Poonah
Sholapoor
Warungul
Hyderabad
Goolburga
Ganjam
Rajahmundry
Coringa
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Dharwar
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Masulipatam
Bellary
Goondacul
Cuddapah
Nellore
Mangalore
Bangalore
MADRAS
Arcot
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Jollarpet
Cannanore
Mysore
Salem
Ootacamund
Erode
Coimbatore
Tanjore
Negapatam
Trichinopoly
Cochin
TRAVANCORE
Ramnad
Tinnevelly
Trivandrum
Tuticorin
Trincomally
C. Comorin
Kandy
Colombo
Pt. de Galle

FROM

MADRAS TO DELHI

AND BACK,

VIÂ

BOMBAY.

Madras:
PRINTED BY C. FOSTER AND CO.,
FOSTER PRESS, 23, RUNDALL'S ROAD, VEPERY.

1874.

TO

The Lady Hobart

THESE

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES

OF

A Most Pleasant Tour

ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

Dedicated.

CHAPTER I.

Story ! God Bless you ! I have none to tell, sir.
—*(Needy Knife Grinder.)*

I AM not quite sure whether I have a story to tell either, but there is a certain blue pocket book of mine so full of notes and rough sketches, made during a month's most pleasant touring, that I am sadly tempted to bore my fellow-creatures with its contents.

From Madras to Delhi, you may see a good deal, and if you return *viâ* Bombay, still more. This is the route we took, and by which I propose taking my readers, (if I have any,) in this *brochure*.

On the 9th of January, 1873, the good ship *Khedive*—on this occasion rightly named good ship—left the Madras roads, bearing on board Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, Lady Hobart, His Excellency's personal staff,* and Colonel and Mrs. Silver. His Excellency was proceeding on duty to see the Viceroy on some affairs of State, amongst others touching the remodelling, or, as the papers would have it, the abolition of the Madras Army ; and to this, I believe, we owed so agreeable an addition to our party as the Military Secretary to Government (Colonel Silver.)

If I have occasion to embark again on a P. and O. ship, recommend me to the *Khedive*. A magnificent vessel with fine open deck, spacious clean cabins, and an admirable table, moreover a quiet vessel, which is a great recommendation. We had a capital passage, the sea being perfectly smooth from Madras to the Sandheads, and we enjoyed ourselves

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* Mr. Loch, Private Secretary, Captain Awdry, Military Secretary, Captain Willoughby, A. D. C., and Dr. Furnell.

after the manner of the P. and O. passengers,—we ate, we slept, we read, and my friend the A. D. C., I fancy, flirted as an A. D. C. should do; but this, of course, he will indignantly deny.

We had an almost unprecedentedly short run, and reached the Sandheads on Sunday morning the 12th, early. What a different scene from the last time I was there when I accompanied Lord Napier, on the memorable occasion of Lord Mayo's assassination! Then I remember, we arrived at the Sandheads at night time, and one of the first things which met our gaze was a ship steaming towards us, with her yards hanging *à travers*; a large, dark, gloomy vessel, weird-like in the shifting moonlight; her appearance fit herald of her mission, bearing the mighty dead homewards. It was the *Glasgow*, with the mortal remains of Lord Mayo on board. That must have been a dismal ending to the *Glasgow's* cruize; the Viceroy, who had endeared himself to the whole crew on his ill-starred voyage to Burmah, lying dead amongst them, cruelly murdered, and their Captain and others, struck down with cholera. Lord Napier was anxious I should go on board to tender what assistance I could to the sick, and I was preparing to do so, when the Lieutenant alongside in the boat, who had brought the melancholy news, assured him they had ample medical assistance, and that the Captain was better, so sparing me a melancholy duty. The Captain, we subsequently heard, died and was buried at Madras, and I believe the Doctor shared his fate.

On this occasion there was nothing to cloud our enjoyment. The tide failed us, it is true, and we remained anchored off Saugor all Sunday; but although

the scenery in that part of the world is not exciting, we found the day pass very comfortably on so splendid a vessel. One hears on a voyagè, the best stories of one's life I think; that quiet hour on deck with the cheroot before turning in, is often pregnant of good tales. Of course off Saugor there was some one to tell that never-failing story of the tigers, who swim off to the boats, anchored too close to shore, and carry away the unsuspecting sailors. But the only story told on this occasion, which I had never heard before, and which bears telling again, was of a sharp Assistant Commissioner somewhere up-country towards Scind. This intelligent officer received notice that the Chief Commissioner would visit his district on a certain date, and he was requested to notify in the *Gazette* that people having petitions to present, should avail themselves of this opportunity, to come forward and present them. The notice duly appeared, and some cantankerous people came in with petitions accordingly; these the Assistant Commissioner confined, and *kept confined* until the great man had passed on, when they were liberated, and sent back to their homes with a reprimand. He was promoted next year, for the Chief Commissioner had, in his inspection report, drawn particular attention to the contented state of this Officer's district!

The scenery of the river Hooghly is uninteresting, but no Englishman can steam up it, and notice the commerce wending its way down for distribution over the world, without feeling proud of what his country has done in developing the resources of this marvellous country. It seems to me, each time I ascend this river, that some progress has been made. I was

particularly struck this time with the enormous quantity of jute on the banks stored ready for shipment, and the number of tall chimnied buildings which have sprung up for the manufacture of articles from this usefel product. I remember, about eighteen years ago, a small tentative experiment by a friend of mine, since dead, at Serampore, to erect a steam engine for the manufacture of gunny bags, and at that time I believe the only one of its sort in Bengal. The export of jute now, manufactured and unmanufactured, is 6,000,000 cwt. per annum, and is yearly increasing. There would seem to be scarcely any limit to the uses to which this vegetable product may be turned. In the Jail at Calcutta, we found the prisoners busily employed in making bags, matting, &c., from it. The Americans, with their usual shrewdness, have long since detected its utility, and manufacture from the rough gunny bags, in which rice and sugar are imported into the States, a number of useful and finer articles. Jute seems likely to supersede the uncertain and expensive commodity rags, for the manufacture of paper.*

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* JUTE PAPER.—The *Dundee Advertiser* the other day appeared printed on jute, being, so far as it is aware, the first newspaper so printed. It seems that the *Dundee Advertiser* has long been anxious to appear on jute, and is indebted to its principal paper-maker, Mr. Watson, for gratifying its wishes. It makes a modest apology for its appearance in this state which is wholly unnecessary, for it looks very nice. "Although the appearance of the present sheet," it says, "may not be quite satisfactory—as it is too thin and transparent—the remarkable fact is that it is the product of Mr. Watson's second experiment, and if we can attain to such a result on only a second trial there need be no fear with respect to further experiments. The thinness and transparency will easily be remedied, as there is nothing to prevent paper made from jute being of any degree of thickness and opaqueness. It may be explained that this sample is made almost entirely from old jute baggings. We purpose to have samples made entirely from jute fibre. To some extent jute bagging and waste have been used by paper-makers for several years, mixed

As we ascend we begin to pass, in addition to manufactories, neat verandahed houses, then a large one, Peacock's folly; now the shipping is in sight, and the city of palaces begins to loom upon us. That large pretentious Gothic building on our left is the Missionary College, from which was to have flowed a perennial stream of native missionaries to evangelise Bengal; next to it is the Botanical Gardens, scene of Wallich's labours. A little further on, we are in Garden Reach,—that long, irregular, but beautifully clean and brightly-painted structure on the right, is the King of Oudh's residence. There are myriads of pigeons wheeling in flight above it; that large cage on the side walk contains a Royal Bengal tiger; the place, we are told, is a perfect menagerie, crowds of natives clad in brilliant colours, stroll along the terrace overlooking the river; behind the green jalousies are many sparkling eyes watching the steamer's advent, houris of the King's zenana redolent of betel and of bang.

The King of Oudh has resided here ever since the decheance of his Kingdom in 1858. Garden Reach, before his time, was the favourite residence of many Englishmen of wealth and position in Calcutta; when I first knew it in 1854, the banks were studded with villas; these houses have disappeared, or

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up with other materials; and when we mention that nearly 50,000,000 jute bags were exported last year—the demand for home requirements being also very large—it will be seen how large a quantity of manufactured jute there is to work upon, especially as bagging is only one class of the goods made from this material." The importations of jute have risen in less than forty years from 565 tons to 202,600 tons and instead of there being any sign of the importation falling off, the quantity at sea and in warehouse is said to be greater now than ever, while the supply is supposed to be practically inexhaustible. If jute should take the place of rags in the manufacture of paper, it is a comfort to reflect that there will be more of the latter article wherewith to clothe the ragged.

become absorbed by the long, irregular, but picturesque row of buildings, which now contain the King and his many followers.

Here comes the Viceroy's barge, towed by a steamer,—a comfortable-looking large cabined boat, which presently, is made fast alongside. Colonel Earle and Captain Biddulph, A.D.C., came on board to meet His Excellency Lord Hobart, and the necessary introductions having been made, and our adieux to the ships officers and passengers spoken, we embark.

We were towed up to Prinsep's Ghaut, where the carriage and escort were waiting. Almost the first person to greet Lord Hobart on landing was His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, who, although personally unknown to His Excellency, had come down to meet the Governor of Madras, and Mr. Wellesley of the Madras Civil Service, Under-Secretary of Government at Calcutta. There were not many other people, for the Guard of Honor was at the P. and O. ghaut, and the band and colours had proved a stronger attraction than the Viceroy's carriages and scarlet uniforms of the Body Guard.

And what a very perfect turn-out the Viceroy's is! An open chariot, drawn by four horses with postillons in scarlet, in which Lord and Lady Hobart, Colonel Earle, (the Military Secretary,) and an Aide-de-Camp take seats. Then an open *char à banc*, which holds comfortably the rest of the party, also drawn by four horses with postillons in scarlet. Around the first carriage a cloud of horsemen, the Body Guard of the Viceroy in scarlet kaftans, with lances from which hang gay pennants; and as we trotted off, the guns from the fort close by thundering

a salute, the strains of the military band in the distance, the sun shining brightly over the strand already tolerably filled with evening carriages, and on the shipping in the river close by combined to form as picturesque a scene as one can well conceive.

Down along the strand with the Hooghly on our left, then to the right along the beautiful Eden Gardens, and so on to Government House. In about ten minutes from disembarking the carriages halt at the foot of the principal entrance. A Guard of Honor presents arms, and Lord Hobart ascends a flight of steps, which has felt the foot fall of as many true warriors and statesmen from the time of Wellesley, who built it, till now, as perhaps, any flight of steps in the world.

His Excellency the Viceroy and Miss Baring received their distinguished guests at the head of the stairs, after which we were all presented, and most graciously and cordially received.

The Government House Calcutta, is a large and pretentious structure of a somewhat peculiar shape. A large domed centre with four wings spreading away from this centre, but incurving at their terminations; a large star fish as it were, with the ends of the arms slightly turned to each other. In the centre, under the dome are the public or reception rooms; the dining, ball, throne room, &c., and in the various wings, the places of residence. One room possessed a peculiar fascination for me, as I remember it did on my previous visit in 1872. It is the council room, where Lord Napier was sworn in, and made that touching speech on assuming the acting Viceroyalty which so won the hearts of the Calcutta people. It is hung around with historic portraits, and here the household assembles

each morning for prayers, read by the domestic Chaplain. There, at the head of the room, is Warren Hastings (1797), with delicate, oval head, and thoughtful face, more suggestive of a poet than a strong and determined statesman. He is dressed in the ordinary civilian dress of the period, with a peculiar flowered satin waistcoat; Marquis Cornwallis (1791) is not such a good portrait as the one in our Banquetting Hall, Madras; Earl Minto, a handsome, gentlemanly looking man; Lord Clive; Marquis Wellesley (1805,) under whose portrait is a small painting on panel representing a child seated on a throne, surrounded by a number of native attendants; in front somewhat to his right are three British Officers seated in an easy and debonnaire manner conversing, whilst directly in front are a number of native musicians playing tom-toms, clapping cymbals, and singing at the tops of their voices to the dancing of a couple of nautch girls; on the left again of the child are more British Officers seated. The sketch, which is in what painters call distemper on panel, is very spirited, and represents, I suppose, the young Mysore Rajah's elevation to the Musnud, on Tippoo's fall at Seringapatam. The three warriors to the right are General Harris, Sir David Baird, and Colonel Wellesley. There is no writing beneath descriptive of the sketch, but placed as it is, under the portrait of Marquis Wellesley, it tells its tale sufficiently well. Perhaps the most striking portrait in the room is that of Sir Eyre Coote over the door, a small half-sized picture representing a bluff, stern old warrior of the Corporal Trim school; with long nose, stern mouth, a pair of very black shaggy eyebrows covering deep set eyes that fix their gaze upon you in

a searching uncomfortable manner. The first day I attended prayers I sat opposite this old gentleman, who stared at me in the rudest and sternest way making me feel quite uneasy. I was not astonished to read when I got back to my room how he thrashed the French and Mussulmans under Hyder, and ultimately died in harness, gloriously worn out in his country's service. He must have been an uncomfortable old warrior for his enemies, a very Rustoom. Sir Eyre Coote died off Madras, but was buried in England.

There are several large oil-portraits scattered about the house, of which no one seems to know the history or the names. It would be, one would imagine, a commendable and no very difficult task to have them named. On the stairs on the way to my rooms hung the portrait of a very handsome Native Chief, standing near his Arab charger; he was unknown, and I often fancied he looked at me in a mild melancholy manner, as if deprecating his fate in being thus handed down to posterity nameless.

The reception room leading to the throne, and the ball room above with the drawing room, are very fine, large and well proportioned apartments. The lofty columns are of that white shining chunam so like marble, for which Madras is famous, and were made, I believe, by Madras artificers. Around the reception room on pedestals are arranged busts of the Cæsars well executed in marble; these were originally destined for the Government House, Pondicherry, but missed their destination owing to the kind offices of a cruiser of *Perfide Albion* during the old war.

Calcutta is a fine city and has well been named the City of Palaces; it has been much improved of

late years. The new Courts of Justice, Government House, the Eden Gardens, with the shipping in the river as a back ground, form a charming picture one never tires of gazing at. So seen by moonlight, driving across the maidan from Chowringhee, the Ouchterlony column and row of massive houses behind it, with Government House to the left, one can more easily imagine one is looking at some bold conception of Turner's representing Imperial Rome, than a prosaic city of the nineteenth century. A gazetteer-like description of this capital would be tedious; but I see one or two things in my note book worth alluding to.

The Eden Gardens, nightly resort of the Calcutta people; nothing strikes one more among the improvements of the town than this. Twenty years ago, a portion of the course railed off and slightly planted was all that represented what is now a fairy-like land of plaisance. Trim shady walks leading away into mysterious places where are pleasant oases of water and grass land; an admirable ride for cavaliers of smooth turf; a spacious green cricket-field, with a picturesque bungalow, upon which you stroll quite unexpectedly and find yourself before you know it, in the centre of a group of Englishmen, smoking and recruiting with S. and B.'s, their exhausted physical energies; ornamental water spanned with rustic bridges; a Burmese temple—massive and real—under which sits the Anglo-Saxon, coolly smoking his cheroot; a Band-stand so placed that the frequenter of the Gardens, or the people on the strand, may hear the music, unlike ours in Madras, where hearing is impossible; and, leading away from the stand, a well kept turf lawn on which the pretty children play. At

the other end is a statue of Captain Peel of the *Shannon*, who lost his life in the mutinies, and whose vessel in 1858 used to lie within a stone's throw of where the monument now stands. How well one remembers the tars of his naval brigade irresistible in every thing, from riding a camel to bombarding Lucknow. This part of the garden, the lawn by the Band-stand, is in the evening beautifully lighted with gas, the lamp shades being of ground glass, shining with a moderated glow-worm tinted light, very effective and pretty.

CHAPTER II.

The China Bazaar, Calcutta.

The most interesting portions of a native city to my mind are the bazaars, and the China Bazaar of Calcutta is well worth visiting. I had seen it often, but Colonel Silver had not, so we drove through it, starting from the Great Eastern Hotel. The square you first drive through, with a large tank, in old days called Tank Square, is now named Dalhousie Square, and a large building which it contains with a dome *à la* St. Peter's, is the Post Office. I think Mr. Chisholm would have built them something more in keeping with the surroundings. The church in front, with a peaked spire of puritanical propriety and ugliness, is the Scotch Kirk; you turn in behind this and almost immediately, as in a transformation scene of a pantomime, you have left what might be a London Square, for a confused babel of close thoroughfares and polyglot orientalism. Narrow streets, and crowded shops, in which everything under the sun is offered for sale, from Jamrack's collection of wild animals, to the products of China and Japan. On your left is a shop which offers you bottled beer and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles and preserves; exactly opposite is the best collection of Japan cabinets and China fans from Yokohama and Pekin. Here an industrious Chinaman is gilding frames, and exposes for sale exaggerated pictures of female beauties of Parisian manufacture. His neighbour tells you he is a Delhi Shawl Merchant, and has the finest Cashmeres to be bought for money, and he scarcely exaggerates; enter his insignificant looking place, and you will find yourself in a few minutes surrounded with a collection of those wonder-

ful products of Eastern taste, sufficient to stock half a dozen Howell and James'. The street is scarcely wider than an ordinary London pavement, but along it perpetually flows a stream of people of all nations. Bengal Baboos, keen and hungry-looking Chinese, Afghans, Jews, Mussulmans, Jewish women hooded and veiled, well clad and often well jewelled. Parsees, Armenians, Pathans, and Persians, each in his distinctive dress, going about their business quietly and orderly; amidst them all you drive your buggy carefully, until presently you meet a string of bullock bandies laden with jute or cotton, and an inextricable block seems to bring your journeyings to an end. Not a bit of it, the patient driver of the patient bullocks utters some cabalistic words, twists the tails of his animals, and the next moment they have turned their heads into the shop of a vendor of brass pots, and before you, between the wheels of the bullock cart and the side of the street, is a narrow way, of which your attendant horsekeeper immediately avails himself and leads your quiet Arab through. What patient people and patient animals! the well-bred little Arab who trotted and snorted along the open road, full of fire and courage, is as quiet and docile in the crowd and noise around him as a lamb; and the vendor of the pots into whose warehouse the horns of the bullock were so unceremoniously turned, says never a word, but continues burnishing his brass pot as if creatures bovine were non-existent. Since our entry into this region of chaos, we have had a volunteer Cicerone who has proffered his assistance; of course *more anglico* we told him we did not want him, and bade him journey to regions warmer than even Bengal, but he knows us

better than we know ourselves, and already in the block, we have been glad of his assistance. He now assumes full command, and assures us if we will only get down from our buggy he will shew us "plenty fine shawl merchants upstairs." I have a dim remembrance of some upstair bazaar seen years ago. We accordingly descend from our buggy and climb a ricketty narrow stair-case of some three or four stories; at each story we look along another street of shops running away down on the tops of those below, so that in addition to the thronged thoroughfare down which we have been driving, we have passed along between a triple row of bazaars. What a mass of human beings are here congregated, and how easily it explains the dread mortality which a fire or an epidemic causes amongst them!

Here and there, especially at the commencement of the bazaar, we came across a European-looking dwelling with a small garden or court yard in front; this is the house of some Jew or Armenain merchant; an Apcar, Arrathoon, or Ben Israel, too keen to move his house from the centre of commerce even for the luxuries of pure air and space. We entered a doorway, over which hung a thick quilted purdah, and through which we had seen people passing in and out, and found ourselves first in a cloistered court yard paved with slabs or tomb-stones, and then passed into a church where service was being performed according to the rites of the Armenian hierarchy. It was a plain temple with seats on either side, and if I remember rightly, the men were on one and the ladies on the other. The service was being performed by three priests clad in vestments much like those worn by the Catho-

lic clergy, who chaunted the responses. The oldest priest officiated, and had, without exception, the worst voice I ever heard. We did not stay long.

Our guide was extremely anxious that we should call upon some Rajah with a long name ending in Mullick, but as neither of us had the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance, we declined; he however manœuvered so cleverly as ultimately to lead us to the house. It was a large handsome structure of great height, the roof supported by Ionic columns, standing in a spacious court of garden sourrounded by iron railings of a modern and tasteful pattern. A sepoy in grotesque military habiliments, carrying an obsolete flint musket, stood sentry at the gate, and, after some words with our monitor and friend, motioned us to enter. Strolling about the garden were several natives, visitors like ourselves, and a number of animals; Deer, Brahminny Bulls, Nilghais, Monkeys, &c., and a large quantity of Flamingos, Ibis.

In cages around the walls was a still larger collection of birds, beasts, and reptiles, but I did not notice a carnivorous animal amongst them. Cockatoos of the most gorgeous colours and in wonderful numbers; ostrichs, emeus, cassowaries, English domestic cock and hen with a family, pigeons of rare breeds and beautiful colours, one set of pigeons which were very numerous, I had never seen before. They were pale slaty blue colour, with a topknot or crest which the bird elevated or depressed at pleasure, on parts of the body were white fluffy feathers like ostrich feathers; some one volunteered the information that they came from Australia. I always think a pretty bird is like a well-dressed woman, the plumage swells out and ta-

pers away much like a well cut dress. Amongst these beautiful pigeons was one which wonderfully resembled Mrs.——of Madras, it carried its head on one side and walked as this lady does. I have seen the lady since my return, and oddly enough she was dressed in a blue costume with white feathers, wonderfully resembling the pigeon. About the garden were statues, copies from the antique; Meleager and his dog; the Antinous of the Capital, Laocoon and the snakes, &c., good copies executed in marble, and which must have cost the Rajah a considerable sum to bring from Italy to Calcutta. I must not omit to mention a triumphant *Char a Banc*, much larger than the Viceroy's, heavy with barbaric gilt and carving, and eight enormous grey Australian horses stabled alongside; this we were gravely informed was the Rajah's evening carriage when he went out. We were sorry it was not his day for a drive, for one would have watched with interest his coachman's performance with a team of eight, down the narrow streets of the bazaar. From the garden, at the invitation of another grotesquely dressed sepoy, we passed into the house up a handsome flight of steps under the Ionic columns. The house was very large but was dismantled, undergoing some repairs; it was chiefly noticeable for a large handsome hall with a marble pavement, which occupied the centre of the house, and from which the domiciliary apartments opened. The hall was surrounded with handsome statues in marble and an enormous collection of cockatoos in cages; what pleasure the Rajah can possibly derive from the shrieking of about fifty of these birds is a puzzle; it is to be hoped his ears are constructed on some different acoustic princi-

ples than ours. The place reminded me somewhat of a Roman palazzo, but on a barbaric plan.

On our drive back, the afternoon was fast becoming evening, and the Baboos and merchants were leaving their offices. It was astonishing the number of well appointed carriages which rolled past us, containing sleek, fat, well-to-do looking natives. Another feature was added to the scene; from the balconies above bright eyes glanced down on the passing carriages and we were enabled to realize before us the costume so well described in Isaiah, Ch. III., *v.* 16, *et seq.*

CHAPTER III.

Chandernagore and Barrackpore.

The pleasantest trip during our stay was to Barrackpore. Their Excellencies Lord Northbrook and Lord Hobart, with General Norman, Colonel Silver and others, made an excursion to Dum Dum and other Military posts in the vicinity of Calcutta, whilst Lady Hobart, Miss Baring and the rest of our party were to proceed up the river in the Viceroy's yacht. On Saturday, (the 18th) we accordingly departed on our various journies. It was a beautiful day with a charming temperature as we embarked about 10 A.M. Again one was impressed with the wonderful improvement in Calcutta; the new Courts, a very handsome pile of buildings, form with the Banks, Mint, and Post Office, seen further off, a magnificent background to the shipping in the river. Then what a crowd of shipping! but scarcely I think so great as when I first saw the river twenty years ago; or is it that now the ships are more compactly and neatly arranged. How do they manage to place in such close order so many and such enormous vessels with their heads all looking one way? How much cleaner the river is; that sight which was once so characteristic of the Hooghly, the "Dead Hindoo," poisoning the air as he floated down, is now a thing of the past. That leggy Ghoul-like scavenger-bird, the adjutant, which one saw everywhere and which to touch was almost a capital offence, has deserted Calcutta; I did not see one during the whole of my visits. This is the most convincing testimony of what drainage, water and improved conservancy, have done for this teeming capital. Gradually the steamer tows the comfortable

yacht past the shipping; that large mass of buildings on the left, with floating landing wharves, is the Howrah Railway Station; how well one remembers the day and the ceremony when it was opened by the then Governor-General Lord Dalhousie. That large palace with Doric columns on the right, is the Hospital, how it towers above the mass of fragile looking buildings which surround it. That smoke you see issuing from a yard, with the wall around it, is from a burning Ghaut; and the two or three carts with cloths over them at the entrance are trucks which have conveyed the mortal remains of some Hindoos, who have yielded the breath of life, for cremation.

When I first came to this country and heard Europeans talk of the early civilisation of a people, whom I saw around me half naked, and using what seemed to my English notions the rudest appliances for every day life, I confess I used to smile at the remark and think it a mere piece of pedantry. On many points, a closer acquaintance with the people, has made me change my opinion, and on none more than the manner of the disposal of their dead. What can be more sensible and in every way more conducive to the general welfare, especially in an oriental climate, than by the rapid and cleanly action of fire to resolve once more into its primitive elements the decaying dead body?* It must have taken a great knowledge of things gained by long experience, and great moral courage, before men could be induced to practise what is unquestionably in the abstract, a proceeding repugnant to human nature. Twenty years ago, and

*The above was written before the new movement in favor of cremation now taking place in England had been mooted.

most probably to a much more recent period, the whole river was polluted by corpses floating down, only partially destroyed; it was then customary amongst the poorer people, who could afford no more firewood than was sufficient for the purpose, to burn the face beyond recognition, and commit the corpse to the sacred Ganges. Now the Government, or Municipality, has taken the matter in hand, and cremation is carried out so effectually that the river has ceased to be a floating grave yard. I was told some Yankee speculator had offered to light Calcutta with gas on some very favourable terms, if he were allowed a monopoly of the burning ghauts!! *Credat Judæus*! Had Dante heard of this he might have added another Stanza to his Inferno!

As we steam up the river and leave the crowded city behind, we pass many tall-chimnied factories, emblems of jute industry, and as these become less frequent, comfortable looking villas on the banks with neat well-trimmed gardens. Were it not for the fierce bright sun and tropical foliage, we might easily imagine ourselves on the Thames by Richmond. Those curious boats with high abruptly rising sterns, on which stands the steersman guiding with a long oar, are however unlike anything one sees in England. The strangely shaped stern is a protection against the Bore, which at times is particularly dangerous on the Hooghly. The Bore is a high wave, caused at certain seasons by the descending river meeting a high up-coming spring tide, a wall of water seems to rise which swamps any boat which unfortunately meets it, prow on. Those large boats each with a thatched dwelling on the deck, have brought produce down from up-country for many

hundred miles, we shall see them again at Benares and Cawnpore. In old days when an officer was ordered up-country, it was the ordinary means of conveyance. A boat of this sort was taken filled with necessary comforts, a palkee, servants, &c., and like Cæsar of old, the young subaltern committed himself and his fortunes to the waters. The progress against stream was necessarily slow, and each evening towards sunset the boat came to anchor, to allow the crew to land and cook. It took thus three months to get to Allahabad. There used to be a story in Calcutta of a young Medical Officer, who started on a journey of this sort, to join his Regiment at Agra, at which place he arrived after some months on the river. Here he found the Regiment had left for another station some considerable distance off, and towards which place he wended his way. Arrived at the station after some more weeks of travel, he found the corps had left some time before, having been suddenly ordered off on service. Utterly disgusted and beginning to look upon everything in the country as mythical, he wended his weary way back to Calcutta, determined to leave the country, and arrived after being absent more than a year. His story came to the ears of the then Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and he was sent for. The great man was so amused at the whole thing, and the Doctor related his adventures with so much point and good humour, that he was advised to cancel his resignation, and was soon after appointed to some Civil post at the Presidency, which he held until the time of his retirement, his first being his last march. But here we are at Cossipore where, opposite the powder manufactory, the steamer comes to a stop to

take in their Excellencies, who have proceeded on land to inspect the different points of Military interest in the vicinity of Calcutta. Punctuality is a royal virtue, and Lord Northbrook possesses it in an eminent degree. No sooner is the steamer fairly brought to a stand still, than we see the Viceroy and Staff leave the house and embark on board the boat sent for them; we are soon under weigh again.

We pass Serampore and Barrackpore, for although our destination is the last-named place, we have heard at luncheon that we are to pay Chandernagore a visit, and about four o'clock we find ourselves opposite the clean looking French settlement. The banks are crowded with people, there are flags flying, and presently a salute of any number of guns (of ingeniously loaded bamboos stuck in the ground,) is fired in honor of Lord Northbrook's advent. We land, and their Excellencies are duly received by the French Governor, Monsieur le Colonel Bertrand and his Staff, and we form a procession, some in carriages, and some on foot, to the Government House. Here we are received in a large anti-chamber or reception room, where the French officials are again formally introduced to the Viceroy, and then somewhat curtly dismissed. They were most of them of no very imposing appearance, and it struck one that Monsieur le Colonel Bertrand, a fine aristocratic looking old Frenchman of the Norman or Breton type, was not over-proud of his officials. The way was now led to the dining room, and we soon found ourselves round a well-spread board. But we had lunched, and lunched sumptuously only about an hour before on board the yacht, and *que faire*? We could not possibly eat again. Our hospitable host,

however, was not to be entirely conquered by this, he insisted upon our glasses being filled with champagne, whilst he proposed a toast. "He was *bien faché* that he could not speak English, but he was consoled by the knowledge that his guests understood French. He was proud of the honor done him, and the French colony of Chandernagore by the visit of His Excellency the Viceroy and Lord Hobart, and took it as another example of the generous feeling of the great English people towards France, &c., &c.," with all that easy flow of good language, which Frenchmen have so readily at command on these occasions. He was answered in French by Lord Northbook. Then the genial old Frenchman of course proposed the ladies, and insisted upon our emptying our glasses in their honor. Lord Hobart returned thanks in admirable French for this toast.

I dwell upon this because it was first of all a very enjoyable and characteristic scene, and secondly, I was much struck with the fact I also noticed last year in a town in Southern India when travelling with Lord Napier, of a colony of French people surrounded by English possessions, and no one speaking English. At Karikal, on our visit in 1872, we found not one official could speak English, but luckily then as on this occasion the Madras Governor and his Staff spoke French. In an article which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, shortly after the late war, a French writer forcibly draws attention to the sad neglect amongst Frenchmen of the present day, of the study of languages other than their own, and attributes thereto, and with justice, a good deal of the ignorance amongst his countrymen, of the views and opinions of

other countries, which led indirectly to their defeat in the great Franco-German war. Had they known German more generally, they never could have been misled into supposing the Southern Germans would have joined them against Prussia; had they known English, they would have been less confident in counting upon British assistance, in what seemed to Englishmen a totally unnecessary war. Nor is it in politics only this ignorance of other languages is detrimental to the nation; in Physical Science, Germans and Englishmen have of late years made immense strides, but the orginal researches of savans of these nations are almost unknown to Frenchmen.

The toasts being expended, a drive round the town was suggested, and carriages were accordingly brought. The French Governor with his exalted guests was soon away, but a little delay arose about the remaining visitors, and it was some minutes before the call for "more curricles," could be responded to. Our coachmen, however, once started were determined to make up for lost time, and the driving of Jehu of ancient repute was slow to our progress. We flew along the streets, we rushed round corners, scattered crowds, but all to no purpose, drive as we would we never seemed to catch a glimpse of the carriages gone before us. I don't think any of the occupants of our carriages were much struck with Chandernagore. The appearance from the river is pleasing as I said above, and the strand on the river bank is well kept and clean, but the narrow streets down which we drove so furiously, were thoroughfares between a succession of broken down walls, affording us peeps into miserably neglected compounds, generally containing a stagnant

foul tank, haunts of the pariah and foul feeding kite. Severe as are the things Mr. Vencatasawmy Naidoo says of the Madras Municipality, I should like to hear him on the Chandernagore Corporation, if such a body exists.

But it was a rapid inspection; on! on! drove our excited Jehus until at last turning sharp into an open yard they pulled up at the Railway station, and our driver with a delighted expression on his face informed us we were in time; we had saved the Calcutta train by a minute.

Here was a predicament! the rascal had driven us a good four miles out of the way and all to save a train going to Caclutta!! There was nothing for it but to drive back again, it was getting late and we should keep all the party waiting; back again we flew over the broken streets of Chandernagore. The people stared as well they might, the dogs flew yelping out of our way, women snatched up their children and fled, even the stolid Mussulman paused and looked up at the mad dogs of Feringhees, and wondered what possessed them. Once or twice as we swung round a corner in our mad career, the carriage oscillated for a moment as if inclined to toss us in a ditch, but fortune favored us, and at last the panting steeds were brought to a stand-still on the Quay.

It was as we expected, all the rest of the party were assembled, and wondering what had become of us. Already the Viceroy and his guests had embarked on the boat which was to convey them to the yacht, awaiting only our re-appearance, and feeling convinced some accident had occurred to us. It does not do to keep Viceroys waiting, and we felt "small" as the Yankees have it, offered what excuses we could, and made our ways to the boat; the second carriage had

not arrived. Presently that too came up and we contemplated it from the boat with complacency, quite glad there were culprits greater than ourselves in the world. The first to descend from the carriage was the French Doctor, who, cocked hat in hand, proceeded to hand out one of the ladies of our party. "Ah! voila! voila!!" said the cheery French Governor standing in our midst "c' est la jeunesse qui vous empêche! ce diable de Docteur!!" and so with a good laugh raised by the jolly old French soldier we escaped, and bade adieu to Chandernagore.

But we were late and the fear was, that owing to the darkness coming on, we should run aground somewhere on the river and not reach Barrackpore. The delay, however, obtained for us a view of one of the most lovely sunsets possible. Turner somewhere remarks that the finest sunsets in the world are to be seen in the vicinity of London, owing most probably to the river and the hazy atmosphere therefrom, the one to-night from these accessories was singularly beautiful. As the sun set, the sky was overspread with light fleecy clouds of burnished gold, which, reflected in the river below, formed a pathway of liquid light, bordered on each side with the sombre mysterious banks first purple then darkening into deepest black; every now and then a thin cloud of light blue smoke ascended from some hidden cottage on the banks, or a bright light suddenly showed itself, as suddenly to disappear. The bittern with its hollow cry flew across, just dipping to break into circles of fire the golden stream here and there, and the large sailed native craft making up stream, stood out with dark and picturesque effect against the lighted waters. A silence gradually

crept over us all as we contemplated the beautiful scene, whilst some, amongst them the Viceroy, attempted to transfer the fleeting beauties before us to their sketch books. We reached Barrackpore without any mishap, but it was quite dark.

Sunday, January 19th. A fine cold foggy morning; arose early and took a walk round the park. First impression is that it's a wonderfully English-looking place. In the park not far from the house, is a handsome structure in the form of a Grecian temple which I find is a mausoleum erected by Lord Minto. Over the doorway on ground glass, is an inscription now nearly effaced: "In memory of the Brave." An attendant opens the door and I find myself inside a plain white-washed room, with a marble floor, and four black marble slabs on the walls. On one is inscribed :—

THIS CENOTAPH WAS ERECTED
BY
GILBERT EARL OF MINTO,
Governor-General of British India.
As a tribute of
personal feeling and respect
to the memory of the brave, whose
names are engraved on the adjoining tablet,
and who gloriously fell in the service of their country,
during the conquest of the Islands of
Mauritius and Java in the
year, 1810 and 1811.

On another—

"Officers who fell at the conquest of Java :—

Lieutenant MUNRO, H. M.'s 78th, Aug. 10, 1811.
Lieut.-Colonel CHARGER, H. M.'s 69th }
Lieutenant SHEPHARD, Madras Pioneers } Aug. 22.
Ensign MACLEOD, Madras Pioneers }

Lieutenant Patton, R. A. ... ... } Aug. 24.
,, Farnaby, R. A. ... ...

Lieut.-Colonel Macleod, H. M.'s 69th }
Major Campbell. 78th
Captain Kennedy. ... ...14th } 1811
,, Olpherts. 59th
,, Ross 69th

Lieutenant Hutcheen, H. M.'s 22nd Dragoons.

,, Waring. ... ...59th }
,, Lloyd. 59th
,, Litton. ... ...59th } Aug. 26.
,, Hopkins 69th

,, Ferguson, 20th M. N. I.

Ensign Wolfe, H. M.'s 59th

Lieutenant Munall, 24th B.N.I. September 23.

Captain Shaw, 13th B.N.I., September 28th.

Lieutenant Maclean, H. M.'s 14th, 28th June, 1812.

Officers who fell at the conquest of the Isle of France.

Lieutenant Munro, H.M.'s 68th, June 8th 1810.

Lt.-Col. Campbell, H.M.'s 33rd. } Between 30th Nov.
Major O'Keefe, H. M.'s 12th. } Dec. 2nd, 1810.

On another slab is engraved—

EDWARD LORD ELLENBOROUGH,

Governor-General of India.

Directed that this tablet should be inscribed
with the names of the Officers who
fell at Maharajpore and Punniar, or died of wounds
received in those battles fought on the
29th December, 1843.

Major-General Churchill, c.b.

Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders, c.b

Lieutenant Leathes, Artillery.

Major C. R. Crommelin, c.b., 1st Light Cavalry.

Ensign T. B. Bray, H. M's 39th Foot.

Lieutenant Newton, 16th N.I.

Captain Steward, H.M.'s 3rd Buffs. }
,, Cobban, H. M.'s 50th } Punniar.
,, Magrath, H. M.'s 3rd }

I took the trouble to transcribe these brave men's names to my notes, so that perchance I might aid in diffusing a knowledge of them; for chaste and beautiful as is the Cenotaph, its situation is such, as to preclude a very extended knowledge of the object of its erection, or of the names of those in whose honor it is built.

The trees in Barrackpore Park are very fine, one especially, a *Ficus Indicus*, near the house and under which the Viceregal party take tea.

On my way home, I was accosted by a cooly in the slightest of costumes, which must have left him remarkably cold on such a raw morning, bearing a letter in his hand. This he presented to me, and I found it was for the Military Secretary, from one of the Under Secretaries to Government, and on questioning him, I learnt he had come from Calcutta. I suppose in no country in the world, are important letters, and even money entrusted with confidence to so poor a class of people, and how seldom is the confidence abused? Once, I remember some years back on one of the ghauts leading to the Wynaad, I met a man with a bag on his head, and a letter in his hand, on which was written "F. H——, Esq., with one thousand rupees by cooly."

After breakfast we all proceeded to church, the Viceroy walking accompanied Miss Baring, who was carried in a Tonjon. The only escort being a couple of his body-guard who walked at some little distance behind. It is a pretty little church, and the chancel was prettily decorated; in the Viceregal pew there was a bouquet of flowers for each person, a delicate attention

more suggestive of a ball room it seemed to me, than a Protestant Church.

After church, I took boat and went over to visit the old Danish settlement of Serampore on the other side of the river. It was the same quiet and peaceful station I had known it in 1854-5. The shady streets, the neat and peaceful church in which, as one walked, one almost felt the presence of old Bishop Wilson. This famous old divine had a house here on the banks of the river; Serampore being a favorite residence of his. Are half the stories told of this good but eccentric old man true? Is the famous story of his preaching one day on the little foxes, and illustrating the fact that men of apparently blameless character would commit small peccadilloes by saying "There is my friend the Reverend ———, a most admirable man, sold me a pair of carriage horses the other day as sound, quite forgetting to tell me one of them was lame?" true, or is it an invention? The congregation at Serampore once, when the writer was present, was startled by the Bishop suddenly leaving off in the middle of his sermon, and calling out to the peon to pull the punkah properly, using a common term of abuse in Hindostanee, of the meaning of which he had not the faintest idea. On another occasion, he was preaching a charity sermon, when we were equally startled by his suddenly leaving off, and addressing some young ladies in the middle of the church with "Now young ladies sit quiet, and don't be wriggling about, trying to draw attention to your new bonnets; listen to my sermon, it will do you a deal more good." Frightful confusion and blushes on the part of the young ladies, and calm resumption of his sermon by

the Bishop. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men, giving freely to any one in distress, and died, having saved, I believe, not one farthing of the revenues he had drawn for many years.

Serampore was formerly the capital of the Danish settlement, and even now over the gateway leading to the magistrate's house, which was formerly the Governor's, there remains the Crown and a large F. of Frederick, King of Denmark. It was ceded to us in the early part of this century.

On the walls of the church are slabs bearing many interesting names. There is one to the wife of Wallich, the botanist. When the British took Serampore from the Danes, Dr. Wallich was the Surgeon of the station, and amongst the prisoners transferred to Calcutta. He remonstrated at being kept idle, and the Government availed themselves of his knowledge of botany to employ him in the formation of the Botanical Gardens. Here he gave so much satisfaction that his salary was made a very good one, so that when peace was declared, and the road back to Serampore was open to him, he was as loth to leave, as his honorable masters were to part with him. It ended in his becoming a Commissioned Medical Officer in the Company's service, and leaving a name famous for botanical research and knowledge. He had two sons, subsequently like their father in the Company's Medical Service. With one of this, David, I was a student in London; a clever, amusing companion, a most admirable musician; he died, I believe, during the times of the mutiny. The other, an elder son, has retired from the service and is still living; he is well known for his researches in deep-sea soundings of the

Arctic ocean, in the expedition of 1860, under Sir Leopold M'Clintock in H. M.'s ship *Bulldog;* an accomplished naturalist and an exquisite photographer. Opposite is a slab to J. O. Voigt, Esq., Surgeon in the Danish Service, who is said to have been "an ardent "and successful student of botanical science, in his "profession eminently skilful, giving his aid freely to "the poor," as thank God in all countries our profession do. Botany was evidently a favourite pursuit of these Danish Doctors; they came inspired by the genius of the famous Linnæus, of whom they proved themselves worthy disciples, "in the art of attaching barbarous binomials to foreign weeds," as the great Ayrton has it.

Then comes a slab full of interest—Wm. Carey, D.D., born at Paulerspury, Northamptonshire, 17th August, 1761, died June 9th, 1834; Joshua Marshman, D.D., born at Westbury, Wilts, 20th April, 1768, died December 5th, 1837; Rev. Wm. Ward, born at Derby, 20th October, 1769, died March 7th, 1833.

The Serampore Missionaries; famous men who were obliged to carry on their early efforts of christianising and educating the natives of Bengal, under the friendly ægis of the Danish Government. Persecution always bears fruit, the son of one of these men, John Marshman the historian, did as much to overthrow the reign of the Hon'ble Company, perhaps as any man.

Not far from this marble is a tablet which says much for the salubrity of Serampore. It is erected to the memory of Wm. W——, Esq., a retired Bengal Civilian, who died here October 1775, having lived 56 consecutive years in India, and the greater part of them in Serampore. I perfectly well remember this

gentleman, who was of the old Indian Nabob style. When you called upon him, the first person who made his appearance, after you had taken your seat, was a Hookaburdar, bearing a small square piece of carpet which he arranged near your chair; he then disappeared to return almost immediately with a hookah which he placed on the carpet, and handing you the amber mouthpiece, proceeded to blow gently the fire ball until he saw you sending forth fair clouds of smoke from your mouth. This accomplished, he reverentially salaamed and disappeared as silently as he had come. The Orientalism of this made a great impression on me on my first visit I remember. Is there, I wonder, a single European gentleman in India who smokes a hookah now? and yet I am not sure that the odour from it was not preferable in a room, to the modern stale smell of tobacco.

The house where this old Nabob lived was on the confines of Serampore, so that a step from his compound into the next, was a step from Danish into English territory. The ruins of a temple, and a ghaut down to the river, still mark the commencement or end of the boundary line. When gentlemen settled their difficulties by the duello, this place was most conveniently situated for a meeting, and often in the early morning have the slumbers of our retired civilian been disturbed by the pop! pop! of contending pistols. His servants had standing orders to go out and offer the combatants tea, coffee, &c., and if necessary run for the Doctor.

I tear myself away from this charming little church with difficulty, for on its walls is written the past history of this interesting station.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The past forefathers of the Hamlet sleep."

* * * * *

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallows twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

* * * * *

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ectasy the living lyre."

I stroll down the shady street and peep into the magistrate's compound. The house where the doctor lived is down, broken, (toot-ghia), as the Dhurwan informs me, but the magistrate's, the old Danish Government house, still stands. Our places are changed, he who reigned there as magistrate, when I lived in the doctor's house, is broken, toot-ghia, gone, to his fathers. He was a particularly strong, healthy man, and a total abstainer from wines, or spirits, and I used to consider him a good proof of the soundness of the practice; it does not seem to have ensured him longevity however. Further down, the street loses the grateful shade of the casuarina trees, and wears a dilapidated aspect, more so decidedly than twenty years ago, for nearly all the European houses are deserted. Mr. Sarkies, the hospitable Armenian's house, is empty and to let. No more good dinners of his providing to be eaten there; no more recountings of how graciously he was received when presented to the first gentleman of Europe, George IV; no more showing of the sword and small clothes worn on the occasion, which used on con-

vivial meetings, to be produced with great solemnity, on a silver salver; trying to one's politeness and facial powers. It is getting very warm however, so I bid adieu to Serampore here, take boat again and hie me back to Barrackpore.

In the evening strolled round the park and visited Lady Canning's tomb. This is a quaint picturesque structure; as you approach it, you see before you a pretty little Swiss Châlet, thatched, embossed in trees and surrounded by a handsome stone and gilt iron railing; walk inside this and you find that the thatched cottage is merely a covering to a very handsome white marble tomb, which contains the remains of that distinguished lady. On it are inscribed the following words:—

"Honours and praises written on a tomb are at best vain glory, but that her charity, humility, meekness, and watchful faith in her Saviour, will for that Saviour's sake be accepted of God, and be to her a glory everlasting, is the faint trust of those who knew her best, and most dearly loved her in life, and who cherish the memory of her departed."

The above words were written November 22nd, 1861, by Earl Canning, who survived his wife but seven months. He left India on the 18th March, died in London on the 17th of June, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 21st of June, 1862.

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death."—Hosea, Chapter xiii. verse 14th.

"Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, born at Paris, 31st of March 1817, died at Calcutta, 18th No-

vember, 1861, wife of Charles John, Viscount and Earl Canning, first Viceroy of India."

It is a picturesque tomb, and the inclination to sketch it is irresistible, so sitting down under a shady tree, I draw out my sketch book and commence.

Presently enters Policeman on the scene, who addresses amateur artist somewhat sternly.

P.—"What is Sahib doing?

S.—"I am (hindoostanee for the word sketching fails, so point pantomimically to building and then to paper.)

P.—"There is no order for this."

S.—"Is there any order against it?"

Policeman assumes an air of profound reflection, then suddenly—

P.—"Where is Sahib going after this."

S.—Points to the big house. A smile of scornful incredulity comes over Policeman's face, had he the language of his London confrère at command. "Come none of your gammon, you move on," would have accurately expressed his feelings; as it is, he takes up a position between amateur artist and the house, and carefully watches. I finish my sketch not without a sense of humiliation however at being thus suspected by the zealous little Bengal Policeman, who when I have finished sees me off the private grounds with a truculent air of triumph, which I pretend not to notice, but feel acutely. The guest of a Viceroy, and suspected of burglary! Bah!

What a magnificent Royal Tiger there is in Barrackpore! how he gazes away over your head into space, as if he saw there fields of illimitable shikar. Is the following story true? Years ago, it is told,

when griffins existed in the shape of young cadets, a couple of them one day mounted on the top of the tiger's cage, not this particular one of course, his predecessor in office, and managing to lift up the door allowed him to escape. It happened to be a feast day, and crowds of people had come down to the Park to bathe in the Hooghly. One can imagine the running to and fro, the shrieking and confusion of the people as the cry Bagh! Bagh! was raised on every side. An English officer was dismounting at his bungalow when he heard it, and calling for his spear, sallied out to see what was the matter. As he galloped along in quest, he came across the tiger crouching in the grass, as alarmed no doubt at the confusion he had created as any one else. Putting his gallant little Arab at the beast, he cleared him at a bound, and transfixed the brute as he passed over it. *Se non e vero è bene trovato.*

Whilst I am looking at the handsome tiger the train rushes past, on its way to Calcutta not a hundred yards from his cage, but he moves not a muscle; even the tigers have become accustomed to the steam horse —who can doubt after that, that caste will some day bow to civilisation? *Nous verrons.*

Dinner at the big house; a quiet and peaceful evening, ending with hymns and prayers.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Calcutta.

MONDAY, 20TH.—We returned to Calcutta by river on the yacht, tugged as before by the steamer. It was a very pleasant, fresh morning, and we enjoyed the journey immensely, breakfasting on board. The panorama of the river was even more interesting than on our trip up, and it was cooler. One was amazed on arriving near Calcutta at the enormous quantity of shipping in the river, of up-country boats laden with produce in apparently interminable rows, the busy air of everything, ample witnesses of the importance of the capital. Lord Northbrook on the deck, deep in conversation with Lord Hobart, seemed occasionally to be pointing out with pride the principal objects of importance in the glorious scene before us. What a position for a comparatively young Englishman, Viceroy of such an empire, with such a capital!

The rest of the day after our arrival was spent in preparations for our departure, for in the evening after dinner, Lord Hobart was to say adieu to his Viceregal and most hospitable host. The adieu struck me as very impressive; the Viceroy, Miss Baring, Mrs. Earle, and the staff, assembled in the magnificent hall below, the hall of the Cæsars, and here we took our leave of the ladies. The Viceroy however saw Lady Hobart down the grand steps to her carriage, where a full guard of honor of European soldiers presented arms, and the band struck up God Save the Queen, as we dashed away into darkness, escorted, as we came, by a cloud of scarlet clad Lancers.

We embark on the steam ferry to cross the Hooghly; now ordinary travellers hustled by a chaotic

crowd, each one intent on his luggage which is strewn about in glorious confusion. Old Rajee, faithful Tamil ayah of Lady Hobart, sits grimly on one of her mistress's boxes clutching tightly a dressing case, sternly defying Bengalee porters and fate, a picture for Wilkie! That she is amongst thieves and robbers, and we are all going to destruction, is plainly written on her face, but nothing will induce her to move from that box or relinquish her charge, until she is safely stowed away, dressing case and all, in the deep recesses of the railway carriage. We are in good time, however, at the Howrah station; no need of repeating Neil's famous experiment on an impatient station master, who declined to detain a train five minutes to save an empire. One cannot leave the Howrah station, however, without mentally recalling that scene. Impertinent and self-confident station master, calm and resolute soldier! but what if Neil had not been resolute?

I had hoped during my stay in the capital of India, to visit many places of interest connected with old Calcutta, but time was too short. St. John's Church however is well worth a visit, it contains the tombs and mementoes of the early founders of our Indian empire; the almost forgotten men, who quietly laid the first stones of this mighty edifice. It was built in 1784, being commenced with great pomp under the auspices of Mr. Wheeler, the then acting president. "But it is a modern edifice compared with the original St. John's, the first church erected in Calcutta at the western extremity of the pile, now called Writers' building. This church was commenced about 1710, and destroyed by Suraj-oot-Dowlah in 1756. But even the original church was more recent than the graves which lay

around it. The earliest building in Calcutta is a monument of the dead. In 1686, an English factory was established at Sitanati, on the strand a little further up than the Mint; and three years later, in 1689, Job Charnock founded the city which has now become the metropolis of India. Orme describes him as a man of courage without military experience, but impatient to take revenge on a Government from which he had personally received the most ignominious treatment, having been imprisoned and scourged by the Nawab. There is another picture of him, touched off by a contemporary hand, drinking punch with one of his Captains, and severely handling such natives as he could safely vent his revenge upon. But perhaps the most characteristic story of the man is that which describes how he rescued a young Hindu widow, who was about to mount her husband's funeral pile. She and her deliverer lived happily together many years, and had several children. Just before the foundation of Calcutta, she died, and was buried in the Mausoleum in the present St. John's Church-yard, now the oldest piece of masonry in Calcutta. Captain Hamilton declares that Charnock's sorrow was deep and abiding, and that, to the day of his own death, he yearly sacrificed a fowl to her memory in the Mausoleum. After various wanderings up and down the river, and much hesitation as to the site of a city, Charnock in 1689, fixed upon a spot near which the Post Office now stands. Three years later, in 1692, he died, and his monument in St. John's Church-yard relates in execrable Latin, how "Jobus Charnock Armiger, an Englishman, and lately the Chief Agent of the English in the Kingdom of Bengal, deposited his remains under this marble." In

1696, the old Fort was founded on the site of the present Custom House, and four years later, in 1700, the purchase of the three villages which have since developed into Calcutta, was effected.

The next important inscription in St. John's Churchyard is to William Hamilton, the gallant Surgeon who preferred to secure a grant for his countrymen in Bengal, to all the private wealth which an Indian potentate could offer him. The story is so well known, that we need only give the epitaph which bears his name in the Charnock Mausoleum :—

"Under this stone lies interred the body of William Hamilton, Surgeon, who departed this life the 4th of December, 1717. His memory ought to be dear to this nation for the credit he gained the English in curing Furreksur, the present King of Hindoostan, of a malignant distemper, by which he made his own name famous at the court of that great monarch, and, without doubt, will perpetuate his memory as well in Great Britain as all other nations in Europe."*

One feels ashamed not to know a "well known story," and I confess to having been ignorant of anything more of the story of Hamilton, than the above until his epitaph made me look it up. Boughton, I always thought, was the medical man to whom we owed our first settlement in Bengal; so says Orme, vol. ii, book vi. "The trade of this country was opened to the English by means of a Surgeon, named Boughton, who, in 1636, was sent from Surat to Agra, to attend the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan whom he cured, and the Emperor, besides other favors, granted him a patent to trade free of customs throughout his

* *Vide Englishman* of March 15, 1873.

dominions, with which Boughton proceeded to Bengal, intending to purchase goods in that province, and carry them by sea to Surat. His patent would probably have been little regarded, if the Nawab of the province had not wanted his assistance to cure one of his favorite women, whom he likewise recovered; on which the Nawab prevailed upon him to remain in his service, giving him an ample stipend, and confirming the privilege of trade which he had obtained at Agra, with a promise to extend it to all others of the English nation who should come to Bengal. Boughton wrote an account of his influence to the English Governor at Surat, by whose advice the Company, in 1640, sent two ships from England to Bengal, the agents of which being introduced to the Nawab by Boughton, were received with courtesy, and assisted in their transactions, and the advantages gained by this trial gave encouragement to prosecute the trade."

Mr. Marshman, in his history of India, vol. i, chap. viii., confirms the story which he gives with very slight variations: "In 1634, a firman appears to have been obtained from the Emperor Shah Jehan for the establishment of a factory in Bengal; but the resistance of Rodrigues at the Hooghly was yet fresh, and the residence of their agents was restricted to the port of Pipley, near Balasore. Two years after, the daughter of the Emperor, who was then encamped in the Deccan, having fallen ill, the Vizier despatched an express to the English factory at Surat, to request the services of a Surgeon. Mr. Boughton, attached to one of the ships, was accordingly sent to the Imperial camp, and having succeeded in restoring the Princess to health, was desired to name his own reward. In a

spirit of the noblest patriotism, he stated that the only remuneration he would accept, was an order granting his countrymen the privilege of trading in Bengal free of duty, and planting factories in the interior of the country. The request was at once granted, and he proceeded across the Deccan to Bengal at the charge of the Emperor. Soon after his arrival at Pipley, the first English vessel which had ever visited Bengal entered the port, and he was unable to negociate the sale and purchase of the investments without being subject to extortion. Two years after, the Emperor's second son, Prince Soojah, who had been appointed Viceroy of Bengal, established his court at Rajhmahal. Mr. Boughton proceeded to pay his respects to the Prince, and was requested to prescribe for one of the ladies of the seraglio. He was again successful, and enjoyed a second opportunity of promoting the interests of his country. At his request, the Prince granted letters patent to the English to establish factories at Balasore and Hooghly."

I have never heard where Boughton was buried. Let us hope a little of the wealth which he procured for his fellow-countrymen flowed into his own coffers, and that he ended his days in comfort in his own land.

Hamilton flourished nearly a century after Boughton, and like his predecessor did much by his medical skill to benefit his countrymen. In 1713, the first year of the reign of Furreksur, the President of Calcutta applied to the company at home for leave to send an embassy, with a handsome present to the Mogul durbar, in hopes of obtaining great protection and privileges. Two of the company's factors, under the direction of an Armenian merchant named Serhaud, set out for Delhi,

and the Emperor who had received the most magnificent accounts of the presents, of which they were the bearers, ordered them to be escorted by the Governors of the provinces through which they were to pass.

They arrived at the capital on the 8th of July, 1715, after a journey of three months; but the embassy and costly presents of the company were doomed to imperial neglect, had not an accident over which they had no control, and the virtue of a public-spirited man opened an avenue to the grace of Furreksur. The intemperance of that Prince had communicated to him a disease, which lingered under the unskilful treatment of Indian physicians, and the Emperor's impatience was augmented by the delay which it imposed upon the celebration of his marriage with the daugther of the Rajah of Judpore. A medical gentleman of the name of Hamilton accompanied the embassy of the English company. The Emperor was advised to make trial of his skill, and a speedy cure was the consequence. The Emperor commanded his benefactor to name his own reward, and the generous Hamilton solicited the privileges for the company which the embassy had failed to obtain; they were immediately granted. Amongst other grants then obtained by Hamilton, was the famous one of the Zemindarship of the thirty-seven villages on the banks of the Hooghly, and three villages contiguous to Madras, which had been granted, and again resumed, by the Government of Arcot. In these days when one hears so often of our old medical service being "done away with," as if it were some useless excrescence in the body politic, it may be forgiven for a doctor to recall the good which that old service has, in times gone bye, done for the empire.

But unless I am very much mistaken, Lord Northbrook is far too sound and sagacious a statesman to be led by any cliques or theorists, lightly to destroy any of the useful institutions of the country. I venture to prophesy that the old Madras Army and the old Medical Services are quite safe at his hands.

CHAPTER V.

Up Country.

The carriages in which we travelled were particularly comfortable. Lord and Lady Hobart had the Viceroy's, which is as near perfection as a travelling carriage can be; with sitting, bed and bath-room all admirably furnished. The two carriages allotted to the staff, were also every thing that could be desired, and the subject is mentioned here simply to express surprise, that such carriages, even if less luxurious, are not placed on our lines in Southern India for the convenience of night travellers.* We slept only tolerably well however, troubled a good deal by the cold—a strange complaint for India.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21ST.—Awoke, mightily cold; a cup of mawkish lukewarm tea, milk greasy and smoked, most probably boiled over night to preserve it, told us only too eloquently we had commenced our up-country Indian travelling. The country we are passing through (Monghyr) is in parts very indifferently cultivated, in others better. Some of the villages we pass are very picturesque, circular thatched roofs to the cottages which are pitched in shady cool nooks, where water is to be found. The landscape is bounded in the distance by small stony hills. "Good pigsticking country," says W——, A.D.C., my travelling companion, and his diagnosis is, I suspect, not far wrong. He had been fleshing his maiden spear with the Tent Club at Calcutta.

We spent all day most pleasantly in our carriages reading, spinning along through the country at a fair rate. It was refreshingly cool, there was no dust, and

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* Since the above was written Saloon carriages have been placed upon the Madras Railway, at Captain Awdry's suggestion I believe.

the changing panorama of scenery most exhilarating. At stated periods our breakfast, luncheon and dinner were served at some station, by those most admirable caterers Messrs. Kellner and Co., and lest we should faint by the way, our liberal and thoughtful hosts of Calcutta had placed in our carriages boxes holding every sort of generous stimulants, and cunning meats. Another illusion destroyed, I saw several toddy trees, a species of palm I had hitherto imagined peculiar to that part of the continent of India south of the Nerbudda.

We arrived about 7 P.M., at the station for Benares, which is on this side of the river, and were met by the leading Civil authorities, who had come to receive His Excellency Lord Hobart. Amongst the group was a handsome young man, in the striking dress of a native nobleman; a dark blue velvet kaftan, small turban with a feather, and some handsome jewels in it. He was introduced to His Excellency as the son of the Maharajah of Vizianagram; handsome son of a handsome father; his dress was most becoming and in pleasing contrast to our dull and non-descript Mufti. He had come to meet Lord Hobart, and to explain that his father would have been there to do him honor, but that he had been detained in Calcutta for the Viceroy's Council; the carriages which conveyed us from the station were lent us by the Rajah. From the station to Benares one has to cross the Ganges on a bridge-of-boats, and a very picturesque scene it is in the dark. The lurid reflection of the lamps in the black rapid river, the distant city faintly traced by its twinkling lights against the sombre sky, the strange tremulous sensation of the carriage being driven over the creaking-moving boats, make the approach to

Benares by night a circumstance to be remembered. I had seen this famous city before, in the year of the mutinies, whilst it was still smarting from the chastisement of Neill; my mind was filled with memories of those times as having crossed the river, the carriage rolled along under its high walls, on the road to the English portion of the town. This can scarcely be called Benares; it is a cantonment some four or five miles away on the other, or northern side, of the town, and my previous remembrances of it in 1858, was of a collection of ruined houses. We were housed—the greater part of us—at the Collector's, (Mr. Lumsden) but my travelling companion, W——— went to the Judge's. The Commissioner was out in the district. There was a small dinner party assembled that evening to meet Lord Hobart, including some officers of the Garrison. I was particularly struck with one warrior who had lost an arm in action, had his face considerably battered, and looked as if his general health was entirely ruined; on his breast his reward, a string of miniature medals. To bed in a tent and passed again a mightily cold night.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22ND.—Glad to get up and warm myself in the sun. My Madras boy looks peaky and somewhat shrivelled, as if he also had not passed too warm a night. Our servants used to feel the cold, I remember in 1858 when we were in Oudh during the cold weather very much, until they learned the secret of clothing themselves. C——— used to declare that one of his servants hybernated regularly each night, and it was not until he had laid him out in the sun in the morning, turned him once or twice and properly cooked him, that he was fit for work. Drove round

the Cantonment in a tikha gharree. Cantonment seems an ordinary straggling, dried up, ugly looking place, with a good stream however running through it; principal employment of the inhabitants seems to be squatting on their hams in a circle and passing round a hubble-bubble to smoke. There is a wonderful sort of carriage in this part of the world called a Yetka, (another name for our Jutka ?) it is simply a seat on two wheels, surmounted by a sort of canopy raised on four small rods; the driver occupies the seat in front, and the passengers sit one on each side of him, back to back like people in an Irish jaunting car. It is a rude and somewhat uncomfortable conveyance, but picturesque to a degree from its quaint shape and brilliant colouring. The trappings of the ponies, little sturdy animals, are as brilliant in colour as the carriage; I spent some time on my return sketching one that I had stopped on the road for the purpose, but before I could get to the colouring, my model got tired and drove off without the reward I intended to give him. Native merchants bring their goods to the house for sale, some indifferent jewelry, and bad paintings on ivory, but some admirable toys for children, very cheap and well made.

After breakfast, we proceeded in carriages placed at our disposal by the Maharajah of Vizianagram to visit Benares itself. The first carriage which contained Lord and Lady Hobart, was escorted by the most picturesque body-guard on horseback one can imagine. They would have inspired Offenbach on the spot to write an operetta. *J'aime les militaires*, especially the militaires of native rajahs; there is an audacity in their uniforms which we never approach. Uniforms how-

ever, is a wrong word; costumes, I should say, for there were not two boots or two hats alike in the troop. The drive down in the cold, clear, crispy morning was most enjoyable, and our eyes were feasted with a succession of novel sights, most difficult to describe. The procession of four or five carriages, escorted by a dashing troop of mounted sowars brought out the people to the doors, so that the population were well seen; at the ghaut where we were to embark on the river, there was quite a large crowd, and there we were met by the attendants of His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, who had sent silver Tonjons to carry the ladies down to the stream.

Benares, as every one knows, is the sacred city of the Hindus, and to it, from all parts of India, pilgrims come to bathe in the sacred Ganges. The most important portion of the city is that abutting on the river; and along that face of it looking eastwards toward the rising sun, the bank for a couple of miles or so is nothing but a succession of stone steps, called ghauts, leading to the water, built for the convenience of the people who come to bathe. From the Rajah's yacht which was towed by a small steam tug, the view before us was picturesque and interesting beyond description. There was the interminable row of steps crowded with devotees performing their pious ablutions, washing away at their clothes and their sins at the same time; and behind them rising tier upon tier in imposing splendour lit up by the morning sun, a mass of buildings, castles, temples, houses, and ramparts in the wildest and strangest disorder, and yet on so large a scale, that the incongruity of the thing was forgotten in its grandeur and beauty.

On board the tug, in which some of us had taken our places, was an active communicative little man who pointed out to us as we passed, the various buildings of interest. There was the Rajah of Ahmety's Temple,* a curious pagoda-like structure, very typical of Hindu building. That was the Rajah of Nagpore's Ghat, a solid almost European pile. This, the Nepalese Temple, a pretty light structure, in parts much resembling a Buddhist Temple, with graceful plantain and orange trees interspersed amongst the arches of the terrace. The ambition of every well-born or important prince and nobleman in India is to have a temple to which are attached apartments for residence, on the banks of this sacred place. Towering above all these temples and palaces, with the clear lines of its minarets standing in bold relief against the blue sky, is the Mosque with which the fanatical Aurungzebe desecrated the holy city of Hinduism. The minarets form a most striking object in the panorama spread before us, and much as one may deplore the spirit which dictated the erection of a Mosque on such a site, the tourist is obliged to own, it adds very considerably to the beauty of the scene before him. We pass so close along the Ghauts,

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* Familiar name Ahmety, and I could not for some time think, where I had heard it; at last it recurred to me. It was the name of a place in Oudh which held out during the mutinies, long after every thing else had surrendered, and to take which Sir Colin Campbell assembled a force on the banks of a stream, one of the tributaries of the Ganges. It was the first camp I ever joined, and the anticipated storming of a fort, the preparation, the arrival of two ninety-six pounders drawn by elephants, and escorted by a highland regiment, the advent of the gallant chief, Sir Colin, who rode out from Allahabad, fifty-six miles at a stretch, (but had to lie in bed three days in consequence) and the comet which blazed over our camp nightly, made a great impression on me at the time. When the preparations were complete, and the fort, which was in the heart of a jungle, was finally surrounded and stormed, the garrison was found to consist of an old man, who was stone-deaf, and a goat!! Our intelligence department was at fault.

that the people and their occupations are distinctly visible to us. Most of them are simply engaged in washing themselves or their clothes, in an apparently mechanical listless manner. Now and then a Brahmin, his oily body lustrous in the sunshine, is offering up prayers, his eyes turned upwards, his lips muttering, and his fingers passing between them the sacred thread suspended over his shoulders. That group of women around a charpoy, are paying the last sad devotion to a dying relative. The thin emaciated face, with death stamped legibly on its feature, is still lit up with a calm almost happy expression, as it contemplates the sacred waters flowing beneath its gaze, to die near which is to a Hindu an assurance of eternal bliss. That thin starved dirty figure, the ribs protuberant, the hair matted and long, the eyes brilliant and almost starting from their sockets, seated cross-legged, one arm held aloft, shouting occasionally Ram! Ram! is a religious ascetic, a Guru; he has come from, God knows where, perhaps Cochin or Cape Comorin, and never put down his arm from the moment he left; he will perform his devotion here in sight of the sacred Ganga, visit the temples, and return to his native place, unless carried off by cholera or tiger, bearing his hand aloft in triumph, and be worshipped for the rest of his days as a mighty saint. There are crowds upon crowds of these people all busily employed, all however quiet, peaceable and well behaved, intent only but upon two things, washing and praying. There are boat loads of them just arrived from up-country, large heavy boats fitted to contain families, and having about them all the appliances of people come a long journey. It is the most curious sight that even one who has travelled much, has ever

seen. In the Reverend M. A. Sherring's book on "The Sacred City of the Hindus, an account of Benares," whilst speaking hopefully of the ultimate conversion of these people to Christianity, an opinion in which I confess I do not join, occurs this passage:—

"Since the country has come into our hands, a great impetus has been given to the erection of temples, and to the manufacture of idols in Northern India. In Benares, temples have multiplied at a prodigious rate; and this rate, at the present moment is, I believe, rather increasing than diminishing. Judged merely by its external appearances, Hinduism was never so flourishing as it is now;" and certainly to mere casual spectators as we were, it were difficult to imagine a religion in a more prosperous and flourishing condition.

Having performed a tour up and down this curious panorama, we were landed at a ghaut just below the Mosque. Again the Rajah of Vizianagram's servants were in attendance with tonjons and javelin men to escort Lord and Lady Hobart. So some of us in these curious silver chairs and some on foot, we climbed the steps leading to the Mosque. Any one who has ascended the closes of the old town of Edinburgh will have a very accurate idea of what the narrow streets leading from the river in Benares are like, except that Benares is cleaner by far than Edinburgh. The Mosque of Aurungzebe was built upon the ruins of a Hindu temple destroyed for the purpose, by its fanatical founder. There is nothing remarkable about it, except, first that it is where it is, viz., where it has no business to be at all, in the midst of the most sacred city of Hinduism; and secondly, its minarets although of no great attitude themselves, being about one hundred and fifty feet in

height only, are, owing to the place they are built on being the highest part of the bank, the most commanding objects for miles round. We, Captains Awdry, Willoughby, and myself, ascended one of these towers, and obtained a capital *coup d' œil* of the sacred city and the surrounding country. That strange desire to fling oneself from a height which sometimes comes over one when on the top of a high tower, came over me most uncomfortably on this occasion. I suspect half the suicides by jumping from a height are quite unpremeditated. Aurungzebe's minarets gave him a very mean advantage over the people of Benares, for not only has one a full command of the country for miles, but the upper-stories of all the houses immediately around are laid as bare to one's gaze, as were those of Madrid to *le diable boiteux*. There seems a good deal of life going on in the upper flats of Indian houses, and apparently some fun. A young woman whom we have been watching pounding rice presently stops in her occupation, and looking over the parapet into a courtyard below drops something, light let us hope, into the region beneath which is hid from us—she retires laughing, having hit her mark evidently: what this mark was, whether the up-turned nose of a Brahmin asleep, or the head of an expectant lover we shall never know in this world, but it's a good joke, if we may judge from the girl's laughing. Presently she steals to the parapet and cautiously peeps over again, but the rapidity with which she draws back makes us infer she is caught; she becomes wondrously busy pounding. She has no idea three Englishmen within an easy stone's-throw are looking at her, but the Mosque is now so little frequented, indeed so almost abandon-

ed by Mahommedans, that the idea never occurs to her. One feels confident the victim of the practical joke is coming upstairs, and speculates with interest on his appearance, hoping he is a nice looking lover, but the last chapter of that novel is denied us; for a messenger comes to say our party is moving on, and we leave the Hindu girl pounding her rice. Adieu, Mooteema ! !

Our subsequent procession, for it amounted to that, through the street of Benares was most interesting and exquisitely picturesque. The streets arevery narrow, and the houses on each side high, so that it was pleasantly shaded, and the temperature delightful. The four or five tonjons or sedan chairs, covered with barbaric silver and gold, were borne on the shoulders of men clad in party coloured uniforms—with each chair was a man carrying a large gorgeously coloured silk umbrella wrought in silver or gold; the one scarlet and gold, the other silver and blue, and so on, whilst a number of javelin men in bright coloured uniforms added to the gaiety, and gave importance to our party. The streets were crowded with spectators, for it evidently was noised abroad that a Burra lord was visiting the city, and a more respectful, well-behaved and quiet crowd it is impossible to conceive.

Besides small temples and images of gods which meet one at every turn, the streets of Benares seem chiefly remarkable for shops containing hardware. A long tortuous street we passed down, was a succession of stores in which were sold brass-pots of different sorts, scales, &c., made of burnished brass, looking like gold, and more or less ingeniously carved. Some of them were quite works of art, Lady Hobart purchased seve-

ral, and all of us one or two. After the manner of Hindus the work was carried on in the open air, and in one place, we came upon a group of men actively engaged on silver work, sitting on a portion of raised pavement in the open street. Here we saw a lovely cup, and a pan-dhana in the rough state, but of a most graceful and ingenious pattern, Lady H. offered to buy it, but was told it was being made to order for a Mahajun. The artist however seemed much gratified at the admiration his work elicited.

We were taken to see some Kinkobs or cloths of gold, for the manufacture of which Benares is famous. The principal kinkob merchant lived in a small shop up a flight of stairs in a room about fifteen feet by six, and received the Governor of Madras and his party with as much indifference and aplomb as the jeweller in "Lotha," who "never suspected the aristocracy." The cloths of gold and silver, brocaded on thick silk, shewn in this stuffy little room, were some of them very pretty, and all gorgeous and expensive; but to me the most interesting sight was the curious old man himself, the merchant. He was simply and quietly dressed in white, with a small turban on his head, and an ordinary Cashmere shawl thrown loosely over his shoulders, but what a face! What power, what astuteness, cunning, and malignity, were depicted in those features; his smile made one shiver! PRINCIPAL KINKOB MERCHANT of Benares!! of course he was. If I had seen that man in any assembly, where brains and shrewdness went for anything, I should have picked him out as a leading man. If I were an artist, and wanted a portrait for Kunde Row, (Hyder's confident and faithless Minister) or Farnavese, the wily

Mahratta minister, or Richelieu, I think I would get the principal kincob merchant of Benares to sit to me. He had, what is rarely seen, double vision; material not spiritual. Whilst speaking, he kept his right eye fixed on the person he was addressing, whilst the left eye wandered about the room and took in the rest of the company generally. As we sat in his little shop, I was on his left side, the side of the roving eye, and the merchant's face was thus presented to me *en profile.* Once or twice as he was engaged showing things to those quite in his front, I took up some of the goods on the floor, and immediately without movement of the head, the sinister eye came down towards me, smiling in the most astute manner. In the middle ages that evil eye would have cost the old gentleman his head, unless his brains had been shrewd enough to save it.

On leaving the kincob merchant's shop, we were met by some elephants gorgeously caparisoned, which had been sent to meet us, by the never failing Rajah. Lord and Lady Hobart were the first to mount, and we, of the staff, followed. What an uncomfortable brute the elephant is to mount, when he gets up on his front legs you nearly fall off behind, and when he gets up on his hind legs you are nearly shot over in front! What a frightful thing a buck-jumping elephant would be! If elephants were bred in Australia, would they take to buck-jumping? But although not over-comfortable, one feels an elephant is a correct sort of thing to ride about on in the streets of Benares. As we proceeded, we met more and more elephants coming to meet us, until at last had we wished it, we might each of us have had two. One was an enormous creature with

the flesh coloured trunk and ears, spotted with black, which betokens, I believe, great age. Our ride was a very short one, for the streets, near the holy temple which we had come to see, were so narrow'd we were forced to descend. A short walk down a cool and apparently unfrequented lane, which reminded me much of the quiet cloisters behind St. Peter's at Rome, brought us to the holy well of Benares, and we found ourselves face to face with the very heart of Hinduism.

I am making no attempt in these notes to do more than describe what we saw, and the impression it made upon the writer; but one cannot find himself in this wonderful city, the antiquity of which is almost beyond calculation, and the influence which it has exercised over the religious feelings of mankind unsurpassed, without being intensely interested. I have seen Rome and heard the great priest of Christianity perform mass in the mighty basilicon of St. Peter. I have seen the faithful at prayer within the walls of St. Sophia, and within the still nobler mosque of Hussun at Cairo. I have gazed upon the Pyramids, and looked upon the window in the toll-gate at Edinburgh, from which John Knox preached his famous Reformation; but here we are approaching a shrine older and holier, if measured by its influence on the numbers of mankind, than any I have ever seen, and what do we behold! In the first place a small court-yard shut in by the walls of the buildings all around, and strewn about with small figures of bulls and grotesque images, parodies of the human form. In the middle of this court-yard is the famous well, known as Gyan Bapi or Gyan Kup, The "Well of Knowledge," in which, as the natives believe, the God Siva resides.

It is surrounded by a railing, and at the side of the well stood a man clad in an ordinary rizai or padded coat, with a dirty cap on his head drawn over his ears, the cap so frequently worn by natives, especially little boys in cold weather; he had a vessel of some sort in his hand and seemed anxious to give us some water. Over the mouth of the well was carelessly spread a cloth or sheet on which flowers had been thrown. The man, who was a Brahmin, begged for some present, and was a very ordinary undignified looking individual, *et voila tout*. It never does, if one can help it to pass behind the scenes, one is apt to be désillusioné, but this was being désillusioné with a vengeance. The well is I believe one of the holiest places in Benares, and to see it and drink of its water, pilgrims come from the most distant parts of India. Tradition says that "once upon a time no rain fell in Benares for the space of twelve years, and that in consequence great distress was experienced by the inhabitants. In order to provide water for the people, and so to relieve them from the terrible calamity which had befallen them, a Rishi, one of the ancient Sages, originally seven in number, but who now to the number of many thousands are reverenced by the Hindus, grasping the Sula (weapon) of Siva, dug up the earth at the spot, and forthwith there issued from beneath a copious supply of water. Siva on becoming acquainted with the circumstance, promised to take up his abode in the well, and reside there for ever." It is stated moreover that, on the occasion of the destruction of the old temple of Bisheswar, a priest took the idol of the temple, and threw it down for safety. The natives visit this well in multitudes, and cast in water or flowers and other offerings as a

sacrifice to their deity below. The compound mixture thus produced is necessarily in a constant state of putrefaction and emits a most disgusting stench. This was not perceptible on our visit. Round about the court-yard are numberless small idols, and amongst them a large bull about seven feet high cut in stone, dedicated to the God Mahadesa. Forming one side of the quadrangle is the wall of a Mahomedan Mosque, which in some period of Mahomedan supremacy, has been insultingly built in the very midst of the Hindu holies. Facing this on the opposite side of the well is the holy temple of Bisheswar, the golden temple, which we entered. In the court-yard, to the left as you enter, is a raised platform of stone on which are a number of idols, each idol a small piece of stone of a conical shape, supported on an oblong concave receptable, also of stone. "These," says Mr. Sherring, "are for the most part male and female emblems." A few steps further on is another and smaller court, and to the right a small chamber in which the famous Lingam stone was receiving the adoration of its disciples. It is a plain black stone, shaped much like the large conical shot of modern artillery, placed upon the floor, and standing above eighteen inches to two feet high. Around it were strewn a number of flowers; above it was suspended a brass pot from which trickled a steady flow of Gangetic water upon the stone. In the room were two or three people only; a middle aged, fair, benevolent, even handsome Brahmin woman who was squatted in front of the image and adding some flowers to those already strewn. Two young men naked, save a cloth, and the thread over the shoulder; one was repeating some words, a prayer or incantation, and the other was

replenishing, without removing it, the brass vessel above the Lingam. Whether they were casual worshippers or attendant priests, we did not ascertain. During the few minutes we contemplated the scene, a fresh devotee arrived, who having made adoration by folding his hands and prostrating himself, presented some flowers and rang a bell. The bell is to attract the attention of the God, for it is possible he may be occupied, he may be hunting or asleep!

From the temple we passed into a narrow street from which opened up other temples, some of which we visited, but none of which were of any particular interest, save one which contained in a court-yard a number of live bulls, sacred animals, not very handsome or in any way remarkable; yes, they were very dirty. In this street on a wall I observed a stone on which some letters were cut, the only words I could decipher, and these were very plain, were—

WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

1786.

What this had reference to we could not ascertain, but in Mr. Sherring's book (which will well repay perusal) is an account of a narrow escape Warren Hastings had when in Benares, of being taken prisoner by one Cheit Sing, a rich Zemindar or Rajah, whom he had confined for rebellion. This man, who had become immensely rich and powerful, entirely from British influence and patronage, so far forgot his allegiance to the paramount power, as to refuse assistance in arms and money when called upon; for this Warren Hastings ordered him to be made a prisoner, but treated him with so much leniency, that he easily escaped and raised the country. Warren Hastings was residing at Benares

at the time, but so indifferently guarded that he became a prisoner in his own house, which, however, he effectually defended until assistance relieved him. Pretty predicament for a Governor-General!

On our return to where we had left the elephants, we entered carriages and drove off to visit the Rajah of Vizianagram. This native nobleman resides almost habitually in the capital of Hinduism, for although the estates, from which he derives his title, are in the Madras Presidency, he prefers to live in Benares. One may deplore but cannot marvel at this. To the Hindu, Benares must be as full of interest as Rome is to a good Catholic. The Rajah's house is situated somewhere on the banks of the river, where exactly I cannot say, for the wandering about in the narrow and tortuous streets of Benares, had quite obliterated from one's mind the points of the compass. After a smart drive of a few minutes, we dashed into an open and spacious courtyard, and a salute from real artillery—not bamboo substitutes as at Chandernagore—announced to the holy city that the Governor of Madras was paying a visit to His Highness of Vizianagram. Lord and Lady Hobart were received at the foot of the stairs by the handsome Rajah and his equally handsome son, and duly decorated with garlands of flowers, a politeness which was extended to the rest of our party; and were then conducted to the reception room, a long, cool, and handsome apartment, furnished in the English fashion.

We had a long and interesting conversation with the father and son, whilst Lady Hobart and Mrs. Lumsden visited the ladies of the Zenana. The Rajah showed us a very handsome album that Lord Mayo had given

him, and a sword presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, of which he seemed very proud. Our visit over, we bade adieu to this noble and princely Rajah. His band, not a very strong one, played "God Save the Queen," his artillery fired another salute, and away dashed our carriages and escort, through the streets of Benares, homewards. Our drive back was a repetition of the Chandernagore race. What possessed the horses? Had we broken any law and offended the Hindu gods, and were some of the thousands of spirits which dwell about this holy city goading them on in their wild career? On, on, we flew, the escort panting in vain behind us. Our Jehus however, were equal to the occasion, and guided the steeds round the sharp corners in admirable style; still it was nervous work and we should have preferred a more composed pace. Like the famous Johnny Gilpin we tore along,

> "Nor stopped till where we had got up
> We did get down again."

In the evening we re-crossed the bridge of boats and bidding the genial Rajah and his son adieu at the Railway Station, whither they had come to bid His Excellency good-bye, we took train for Cawnpore.

CHAPTER VI.

Cawnpore.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23RD.—Awoke at Cawnpore, where we had arrived during some of the small hours of the morning. Afraid it put the military to some inconvenience, for the guard of honour was in attendance at the time of the train's arrival, and the nights up here are uncommonly cold. People in our Presidency can form no idea of the coldness of the nights in this part of India during the cold weather. Unfortunately we had no thermometer with us, so I am unable to express it in degrees, but it was a-couple-of-blankets-and-a-great-coat-on-the-top-of-that sort of cold as we lay at night time trying to sleep in the carriages. Lord Hobart was much chagrined that the military should have been put to this inconvenience, and gave orders to prevent a recurrence of it.

As soon as we had arisen and performed our toilets in the carriages we sallied out. The military and civil authorities having received Lord and Lady Hobart, and a fine body of British soldiers presented arms and paid the usual salute, we entered carriages and proceeded to drive round the station. Our escort on this occasion was a regiment of cavalry clad in a very peculiar canary coloured uniform. This was the old "Skinner's horse," now I believe the 2nd Bengal Cavalry: their coats bright yellow, cross and sword belts black, turbans red, they formed a very striking, and, in the opinion of some of our party, a very handsome appearance. We first drove to the sight of the famous intrenchment, where Wheeler and his unfortunate comrades tried in the memorable mutiny year to withstand the rebels. Sad page in British

history which makes one miserable to read about, but miserable indeed to look at face to face. There is no place in the world to me so hateful as Cawnpore.

I remember it in 1858 when the ruins of the Officers' bungalows, barracks, &c., still stood as silent witnesses of the frightful atrocities which had been committed in and around them. I was marching *en route* to join Whitlock's column from Sir Hope Grant's, and my way lay through Cawnpore. It was a bleak windy day, clouds of dust chasing one another over the desolate murder-stained place as I marched in, and pitched my tent on the open maidan.

As soon as I could, I hurried off of course to see the well. The effect upon me was very singular. I approached it almost with indifference, certainly with feelings not at all wrought up, for I had not at the time been reading or thinking about it. The well was surrounded with an ordinary wooden railing, and a mound covered with grass marked what had been its mouth; on each side were small commemorative tablets, erected by men of H. M.'s 32nd and a company of Bengal Artillery. I was reading the latter, which was very appropriate, when I was suddenly seized with a shivering fit, my legs gave way from beneath me, and I found myself clutching to the railing and sobbing like a woman. I struggled in vain to command my feelings, and it was some minutes before I could sufficiently recover myself to walk back to my horse and ride to my tent. The rest of the day was passed in a sort of black night-mare of furious rage and desire for blood; had I come across a Pandy or Mussulman, I am sure I must have killed him. It was not till quite night that I recovered. The reader

must pardon this digression, but I recall it here, because one has some time read unkindly criticisms on the feelings of revenge which our gallant fellows expressed who took Cawnpore immediately after the massacre; but if such were the effect which the sight of this terrible well produced on me quite a year after the event, what must have been its effect on the men who saw it two days after the occurrences, whilst still blood-red with the gore of their countrywomen and children? Horror of horrors! It must have killed some of them!!

It was more or less oppressed with the gloomy remembrance of these feelings, that I spent the time visiting the scene to-day. Within Wheeler's intrenchment a memorial church is now being erected, a massive, imposing Gothic structure, suitable perhaps as a memorial, but most unsuitable as a place of worship in a hot climate. From the church we drove to the gardens, passing by the ghaut on the river bank where Nana's masked batteries opened upon our unfortunate countrymen that fatal June morning when trusting to the scoundrel's word, they proceeded to embark. I wish they would not show this place in the presence of native soldiery. Peradventure in time it might be forgotten, save to the English student of history. Why should we recall our discomfiture to these people? Having crossed the river, a short drive brings us to the well now enclosed in a beautiful garden in consecrated ground. Entering the ground the carriages proceed at a walk, it being forbidden to drive at a less solemn pace; a short drive down a prettily-planted avenue brings us to the spot. The well is now surrounded by a granite pierced screen, and over what

was once the mouth, is a colossal statue of an Angel by Marochetti. It seems, I feel, the height of presumption for me to criticise work which was undertaken and finished with great care and thought, but I am free to confess the whole thing disappointed me; I preferred the plain earthen mound and the artillery-man's touching inscription, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them, wherefore should they say among the people where is their God!"

From the garden it was a pleasant drive back to the hospital mansion of the Judge Mr. Prinsep, (what a volume of the old Honorable Company's history such a name opens up!) where we did full justice to an admirable breakfast, admired some beautiful Lucknow silver work, and were after breakfast initiated into the mysteries of Badminton. In our travels, there is always some one spot which every now and then one pleasantly recalls to the memory, you can scarcely say why, but it is photographed in the brain as a pleasant picture. Mr. Prinsep's compound is one of the scenes. The quiet hour's rest after breakfast with a cigar, under the shade of the wide-spreading banyan tree, Skinner's picturesque horse bivouacked close by, and the game of Badminton leave a pleasant picture not easily forgotten. We passed some time chatting to the old Rissaldar who commanded the escort, a handsome old warrior who was much be-medalled, and had grown grey in the British service. He wore five decorations on his breast; one for Ghuznee, Candahar, Ghuznee and Cabul, 1842; Chillianwallah and Goojerat; Sobraon and Feroshah; Delhi and the order of British India. This represents a service of over thirty years, includ-

ing the fiery trial of the mutiny, for a native officer by far the worst, but which this man had had the courage and good fortune to withstand. Captin Awdry, our Military Secretary, made much of him, and he seemed proud of the marked attention his medals and honorable services elicited.

But here come the carriages again, good bye to our calm rest under the shade. Lord and Lady Hobart travel in an open landau, and we follow in conveyances of different description. A dog-cart, with a kicking horse, falls to my share, with a jovial communicative police officer as a guide, up to the ways of the brute, which he assures me are simple playfulness. The canary-coloured escort with the valiant Rissaldar, clatter round us, and away we dash into space again over the dusty plains of Cawnpore.

"*Point d' enthusiasme,*" said Tallyrand, but what on earth would become of things, if the witty priest's advice were followed by all? If, for instance, the Engineer whom we now visited, and who is engaged in building a railway bridge across the Ganges, had no enthusiasm, what would become of that work? The river was low of course at this time of the year, but there was still a respectably deep and rapid stream running down the middle. There were twenty-five pairs of piers to be constructed, and the foundations of each pier had to be sunk by means of wells, many feet (forty-five I believe) deep. The peculiar feature of the work seemed to be this, that as soon as the foundations were sunk sufficiently deep, and the piers above half built up, down came the mighty Ganges, and quietly swept it all away. Alongside most of the piers in construction, divers workmen were engaged in

removing the debris of former attempts, but Mr. Bedford, the Engineer in charge, was quite enthusiastic about the way the piers he had just now constructed were to withstand the next onslaught of his foe. The line which will cross here will tap Oudh and Rohilcund, two most productive provinces. We crossed the river in boats, examined the enthusiastic Englishman's works, and then took carriage again to return to Cawnpore, recrossing the river on a bridge of boats. Over this bridge was pouring a miscellaneous and picturesque throng of people intent upon trade; laden bullock carts, strings of camels with Esau-looking Cabullees, Yetkas with quiet looking Baboos inside, but in such numbers as betokened a fair promise of traffic for the coming railway.

The next place visited was the tannery, an important institution in Cawnpore. The establishment is under the direction of an Officer of Artillery—Major Stewart I believe—who shewed Lord Hobart over the place. Almost every thing which could be made in leather, useful to soldiers, seemed made here. The complete accoutrements of cavalry and artillery; boots, belts, saddles, bridles, pouches, harness, &c., we saw finished and in process of construction. We were shown a raw hide, about to be thrown into the tan-pit, the skin of an ordinary country bullock, stinking and repulsive enough in all conscience, and, in the last room, a beautiful piece of soft pliant enamelled leather, which we were assured had been produced from a similar hide. Apart from the smell, which in some parts, the glue department for instance, is simply frightful, the place was full of interest. The foreman was an old Madras Artillery man, who had been em-

ployed at the Oosoor tannery *until its abolition.* For, of course, Madras had a tannery once. One cannot help asking, and why was the Madras tannery done away with ? It is surely a trifle far to have to send to Cawnpore for Madras accoutrements ! I bought a set of single harness in the town for rupees thirty, which I have used since my return, and which I find strong and good in every way. The same would cost rupees sixty if made in the Mount Road, because, I presume, our tannery is done away with.

Thank goodness, the ladies have had enough of tanneries, the carriages are sent for, and we drive back to Mr. Prinsep's hospitable mansion and to luncheon. On our way to the railway station after luncheon, we drove through the town, which seems a large and prosperous place, with a cotton market; a very considerable trade, so my police friend told me, in country produce, being carried on here.

After bidding our courteous and hospitable hosts adieu, we find ourselves once more in our comfortable railway carriages, and are soon speeding on our way to Agra. The country is flat, but not uninteresting, though less cultivated than what we have hitherto passed through. We pass several flocks of the Cyrus, tall wary bird of the Flamingo breed, a bird not seen, I think, in Southern, but common enough in Northern India, very handsome in its dove colored gray, with red legs and top-knot. The sportsman finds these birds most tiresome, giving warning of his approach while yet a long way off, by a peculiar plaintive note of alarm, of which geese and duck readily avail themselves. Their height gives them a most commanding view of the surrounding country, so that it is almost

impossible to circumvent them. What astonishes me is we see no deer of any sort. We dined at some station sumptuously, thanks to the neverfailing care of the ubiquitous Mr. Kellner, or his representative.

I see in my note book a remark about the Sanitary conservancy of these same Railway Stations. It is very bad—as bad as can be; a little charcoal hung up in a net seems to be the supreme effort in that direction. Whatever merit this may be supposed to have theoretically, I can answer for its being a perfect failure practically. Carbolic Acid, Condy's Fluid and whitewash, seem unknown; Dr. Cornish should pay them a visit. These places are a disgrace to Upper India, and the worst of them is Agra.

CHAPTER VII.

Agra and the Taj.

We arrived at Agra at 10-30 P.M., and slept in our comfortable Railway carriages all night. One pitied the poor police shivering on the platform, it was really very cold, far colder than one imagined it could be in India.

The first thing that met one's gaze on awakening in the morning was the Taj. Away in the distance, but standing up quite clear in the dull morning light was this glorious building and its two small Jawab mosques.

" I say. W— look out of the window there's the Taj."

" Oh, ah, I daresay ! you are not going to take me in so early, Doctor !

" But my dear W— I assure you!"

No use! my friend has composed himself for another snooze, for it is very early, and I am left gazing on the Taj.

Our railway cabin and dressing room not being very large, it was customary for my companion and myself to dress alternately, so I avail myself of his continued snooze to get up and make my toilet. Having achieved this, I sally out on the platform and find myself face to face with the staff, Military and Civil, of Agra. I try to look as much at my ease as I can under the trying circumstances, and fail, as lamentably as any ordinary Englishman does in a similar position. A Frenchman or Spaniard would take off his hat and bow generally, whereupon the opposite side would take off their hats and bow

generally, and the ice would be broken; but it is not English to take off your hat and bow to people you don't know; proper thing is to pull up your shirt collar, and either look very fiercely at every one, as much as to say "who on earth are you?" or look quite away over people's heads, as if you saw no one. I am hesitating which manœuvre to adopt when, as luck would have it, I observe amongst the staff a gentleman I have met before, and recalling myself to his remembrance, am saved any further trouble. To a nervous man, this sudden meeting with strangers, and having to explain or look who he is, is very trying. At one station—Allahabad I think it was—one of our party found himself undergoing the ceremony of having arms presented to him, and "God Save the Queen" played, converted at once into a frightful imposter by the undiscriminating zeal of a Captain of Infantry. If Englishmen will insist upon travelling in mufti, which is not a whit more comfortable than uniform, and increases one's luggage immensely, they ought to be labelled—"Private Secretary," "A.D.C." "Doctor," &c., it would save all parties a deal of trouble. I remember when Lord Harris visited Coconada in 1858, his English valet was seized upon by an enthusiastic and would-be hospitable Major of the D.P.W., who wrenched his (Lordship's) carpet bag out of the valet's hand, thrust him into a tonjon and walked alongside carrying the bag, fully persuaded he was making himself agreeable, if not to the Governor, at any rate to some influential member of Government!

But presently the whole of our party are out, and H. E. Lord Horbart having made the acquaintance of the gentlemen who have come to receive him, we

enter carriages and drive on to Agra. On our way we visited the tomb of Ghazeeodeen, which is close to the railway station, a tomb so beautiful in its Saracenic architecture, and marble lace-like tracery of screen, that we lingered about it much longer than our cicerones wished; we could scarcely believe that it was possible for anything even in Agra to be more beautiful. I think Lord Hobart remains of that opinion still, and that the Taj did not remove the favorable impression this tomb made. Ghazeeodeen was the father of Noor Jehan and the minister of Jehangire her husband. He was an able and upright minister, but the tool of his able daughter who perpetually brought him to dreadful grief, as clever women sometimes bring men. From this tomb we drove to the town crossing the Jumna on a bridge of boats. The quays on the banks were strewn with bales of cotton, and big Dhonies moored to the banks laden with the same commodity gave evidence of a brisk trade. We enter the town under the shadow of the fort, a lofty almost Norman-looking structure recalling Sir Walter Scott's novels and the middle ages. Our carriages go clattering away down the main street, a narrow paved thoroughfare, with lofty picturesque houses on each side, reminding one very much of the via Toledo in Naples. I like these narrow busy crowded streets, one learns more of the life of a people in one half hour amongst them than in any other way. In an Indian street especially so, the lower stories containing the shops are all open to your scrutiny as you pass along. Agra seems much given to cap and tinsel work, hookahs, pot, pans and other fineries of Oriental life. The people affect life in flats, as of old in

Edinburgh. The lowest are all shops, the first flats above the shops are domiciliary, and many of their balconies are crowded with fair ones, who look kindly down on the bright cavalcade below. These ladies are clad in bright colours, and their hair is much adorned, the restraints of the Zenana do not seem to weigh heavily upon them. They have eyes and kindly ones for our dashing cavalry escort. You see how the upper stories are reached, by little ricketty staircases at the sides. Then there are mysterious courts with all the paraphernalia of Oriental finery and dirt, gaudily-colored covered carriages to carry veiled and mysterious beauties, drawn by sore-backed, broken-down, half-starved country ponies; the irrepressible mangy pariah dog looking on or howling at the passing show, as we dash on down this Regent Street of Agra. Presently we pass a gateway into what seems the butchers' quarters, where low dirty shops exhibit repulsive offal-looking meat for sale. A butcher's shop in India is about the most humiliating spectable to a lover of humanity. I seldom see one, but wish I could become a Brahmin, and fully sympathise with their horror of meat-eating. And now native Agra is left behind, and we approach the desolate respectability of the English cantonment. The square-built, stereotyped D.P.W. Bungalows of brick and mortar, brightest conception of British architecture. Oh, my countrymen, what a tasteful race we are in our buildings! but thank goodness a Chisholm is born to us. Escorts are all very well, but they are a frightfully dusty invention for number two and three carriages; we find this to our cost this morning, as we follow the moving cloud of red dust before us. Presently the cloud of dust wheels round the corner through a gateway into a

handsome garden, and we arrive at the Rajah of Bhurtpore's house, which has been placed at Lord Hobart's disposal during his stay at Agra.

This was a spacious, but most curiously vaulted and elaborately chambered mansion. The principal room was a well furnished, English drawing room with good pictures on the walls; a Beatrice Cenci, and an Ecce Homo in oil; photos of Landseers, &c., and all the appliances of modern civilized life; but when you left it, you found yourself immediately in narrow brick walled passages, which led to curious vaulted rooms, assigned to us as sleeping apartments. Mine had a bath room attached to it, which was shut off from the outer world by a pierced wall of that beautiful lace-like tracery we had seen in the morning at Ghazeeodeen's tomb. I could see every thing going on in the world immediately outside, but the outside world could not see me. The way to the other rooms was along narrow mysterious passages, and when you arrived, they were of the same vaulted character, with arched doorways and pierced walls. It was in fact, as we found out at breakfast from the Commissioner, an old and spacious tomb converted with a dwelling house. The dining room in which we eat our meal was the centre room and just over the vault which contained the ashes of the original proprietor. Pleasant! but travellers are supposed to see strange sights.

Commissioner, "Haunted? Oh dear yes, the house, is said to be haunted, but I hope no one here believes in ghosts, do you my Lord?"

"Well no! I have seen such a lot of ghosts, I've lost all faith in them."

There was a story told at breakfast which rather

tickled us. A good many young Englishmen travel about India now, and have become a tax rather on Commissioners and others living in remote stations where hotels are not, and hospitality must be thorough. "What strikes me most," said Lord Softly, "in India, is how cheaply one can live." It is to be hoped his Lordship won't initiate some legislation founded on his experience. It would be equally cheap living in England, if one were franked on to all the best houses throughout the country. It is charming to find there are still griffins in the world; two were staying with some Commissioner away in the far North, and were anxious to go up the Khyber pass. They were not great men, but had made themselves so agreeable to the Commissioner that he volunteered to procure an escort and guides, and saddle hors es for them to go up. "Oh, pray don't trouble yourself, sir," said the youngest, "we are quite ashamed after all your kindness to give you so much trouble; if you will allow us, we would sooner *just call a cab and go up quietly !*

JANUARY 24TH.—After breakfast off to the Taj. It was a bright sunny day, with a cold piercing wind, and for the time of the year, as unfavorable a day as we could have. The Taj means in Hindustanee a tomb, a mausoleum, but the name may also be, and it is very cleverly argued to be so, in a recent number of the *Calcutta Review*, a corrup tion merely of Taz, the terminal syllable of the lady's name "Moomtaz Mahal," over whom it was erected. This lady, called also Taj Beebi and Noor Jehan,* was the wife of Shah Jehan,

* Which name Noor Jehan (light of the world) is the name by which the famous wife of Jehangir, her immediate predecessor, is best known in history, and which leads to the error that it was over her the tomb was erected.

Emperor of Hindustan, Fifth Emperor of the House of Timoor. He reigned from 1628 to 1658, contemporary with our Stuarts.

His ascent to the throne was marked by one of the most cruel acts that ever disgraced even an Oriental court. He not only put to death his brother who was senior to him, but all his nephews and other male relations, so that there remained not a drop of the blood of Timoor alive, save what flowed in his own and children's veins. And yet this man reigned with firmness and moderation, was an enlightened Emperor, and left behind him in the Taj the most touching monument of conjugal affection the world has seen.

The beautiful Moomtaz Mahal, whose portraits sold in the bazaars of Delhi to the present day, represent her as a charming brunette, having presented her lord with four sons and three daughters, died in child-birth of the fourth. The sad circumstance is so touchingly and quaintly described in the original Persian, that it is best given as it stands. Having mentioned that the child cried before it came into the world, the account goes on to say:—

"On the day that the child cried, the mind of the Emperor became oppressed, and all the servants and children who heard the noise, were sore afraid, and would remember it all the days of their lives; they said such a marvel had never been heard of before, that it belonged to the world of wonders, and they cried,—"Oh! great God, let the consequences of this be nought but good,"—the Emperor should be informed of it, that he may do whatsoever in his wisdom seemeth to him best. It is said that the Empress suffered greatly when this daughter was born, and that by

orders of the Emperor, many clever medical men were assembled, and experienced midwives, and that they all acted according to his advice. The wives of the ministers prayed for the recovery of the Empress, and some wished to give her medicine,

" Without the will of God not a leaf stirs in the grove."

They tried every remedy, without success; no alleviation for her pains, which rather increased though every prayer was said:

" The clever medicos used all their skill,
But saving her was not God's will."

On one side all the priests read prayers and used charms, on the other, the nurses rubbed the hands and feet of the poor Empress, and the child continued to cry much before it came into the world. On hearing this, the Empress gave up all hopes of life, and called the Emperor to her, and weeping said—" Oh! King, to-day such misfortunes have shewn their faces that my mind is troubled and oppressed, and I am very restless; I know not how this will end." The Emperor on hearing these words was grieved and astonished, and placing his fingers on his lips, tried to think of something to solace and comfort the Begum; she ordered all her gems and jewels to be brought and gave them to the Emperor, and begged him to be kind to his childern; sometimes the two laughed and sometimes cried, as they talked about the thoughts of death. The Empress said, " when a child cries before its birth the mother always dies; therefore I must prepare to take leave of this world; pardon all my faults and any angry words I may have said; after this, I am ready to be a traveller," (*i.e.*, to die). The Emperor hearing these her last fond words, from the great love he bore her, wept so much, it was like the stars falling from

heaven, or the rain upon the earth. At last the Empress after crying much, said—"Oh! King, I have lived with you through joy and through affliction; God has made you a great Emperor and given you worlds to rule; there is a last wish of my heart now I am about to leave you, and two pieces of advice I would fain have you follow." The Emperor assured her that whatever they might be, he would obey them. The Queen then said—"The high God has given you four sons and three daughters to perpetuate your name; do not marry again, so that quarrels and estrangements may not arise amongst them. The second thing is, build over me such a beautiful tomb as the world never saw." Shah Jehan promised both things. The Begum gave birth to the child, but was greatly agitated in her mind; the nurses prayed for her life, saying —"Oh! God, let us die, but save the life of the Begum," and everything was done which was usual at a birth.

When death arrives, the doctors are no use,
All their reward is often unrestrained abuse.*

Soon after this, the Empress began to shiver and all her limbs turned cold, and such lamentations arose in the palace, as if the day of judgment were at hand. The Emperor did nothing but weep and beat his breast, saying in the language of the poet Sadi:

"Money abides not in the palm of those who careless live,
Patience in the lover's heart, nor water in a sieve."

At last the Empress left this world and went to the next, living with the Peris in heaven; her mortal remains were interred at first in a garden near the present sight of the Taj, and when her tomb was prepared for

* Wonderful how the same custom obtains in all parts of the world.

her, they were afterwards removed with great ceremony to the vault underneath the Taj."*

Not only is the account quaint, and to my mind, most touching, but it is so faithful that it enables a medical man even at this distance of time to see pretty clearly what the poor Empress died of. A little obstretic skill might have saved her life, but then we should have lost the Taj!!

And now we have arrived at the tomb, does it disappoint one? At first perhaps a little, there is scarcely anything in this world which quite realizes expectation, but the more and more you see of the Taj, the more you appreciate its glorious beauty, and the exquisite finish of its details. There is first a large arched gate-way of red stone, fit entrance to a palace, in itself a rare and most handsome piece of architecture. Having passed through this, you look down a garden walk lined on each side with cypresses, and about three hundred yards before you is the pearl-shaped dome and the four minarets of the Taj, standing out in spotless white against the deep azure of the sky behind it. When you reach the building and inspect it, you are soon aware you are examining one of the most exquisitely finished pieces of architecture in the world. Every portion of the work, every minute detail, is as elaborately carved and executed, as is an ivory ornament one sees from China on our tables. As some one says, "the Pathans designed like Titans and finished like jewellers." Having ascended a flight of marble steps to the platfrom on which the building stands, you enter under a marble archway of very handsome proportion, the centre room which

* This translation is taken from J. T. N.'s Guide to the Taj.

contains the tombs* of Moomtaz Mahal and her husband Shah Jehan. This room or hall, is an octagon with four of its sides pierced to let in light. In the centre are the two tombs or sarcophagi of white marble, inlaid with ivory, jasper, rubies, blood-stone, mosaiced in form of flowers. One tomb occupies exactly the centre, that is Moomtaz Mahal's, a little on one side is the husband's, distinguished by having a colum-tash or pen-case on the top, and engraved with Persian characters describing the attributes in oriental metaphor of the deceased Emperor. Around these tombs is a marble screen about six feet high of solid marble inlaid with stones, representing flowers. This screen is of an octagon shape like the room, and is pierced into open lacework, each of the eight sides being a different pattern. I do not know that I have seen anywhere patterns so graceful, or work so delicately finished. "How beautiful!" exclaims every one, and yet what faint praise the words convey! There is an exquisite echo in this room, whether accidental or designed, it is impossible to say. If a somewhat high note be pitched, a woman's voice is best, it dies away in the softest cadences, as if carried aloft by some invisible spirits. There were too many of us this day to try the experiment fairly, but next day being here by myself, I ran up and down the gamut in a subdued whistle, and the notes hung above the dome, gradually, and faintly ceasing in the most weird and mysterious manner. From this room we passed again to the outside, and ascended to the upper and outer part of the building which is a large, flat, open terrace from whence springs

* Not the tombs but their counterparts, the real tombs wherein the bodies are laid is in a vault below.

the dome. At each corner are four smaller domes with open archways, under one of these we sat in the shade, and enjoyed the beautiful view of the surrounding country. To the left was Agra with its fort dominating the river, away before us the flat level country over which had marched successive invading armies from the time of Baber to Lord Lake, whilst below flowed the apparently lazy, placid, but treacherous Jumna, silent witness of the many changes. It is very probable the idea has occurred to some one before, but I have never seen it, that the origin of the beautiful Saracenic architecture is the tent. The tent they used, as depicted in old pictures, had a bell top, and when the sides are opened up and supported on sticks, you have in the rough a very fair outline of a building like the Taj; its wings and its four graceful minarets represented by the supporting poles. We loitered about examining each detail, for the small cupolas on the roof were as exquisitely finished as every other portion of the building, and at last descended again. But our sense of amazement was not yet satiated, for we found that the Mosques, one on each side of the Taj, were in their way almost as wonderful pieces of architecture as the principal building itself. They are called jawabs, (answers) and are supposed to have been built as foils to shew off the beauty of the original tomb. I think it was probable that one, the west, was built as a place of worship, and the eastern was found necessary to make the group symmetrical, for it cannot have been used as a place of worship, inasmuch as it looks in the wrong direction, *i. e.*, away from Mecca. To whatever we owe them, they are exquisite in their way; the western Mosque is conceived in a sort of lavish

simplicity; large bold arches, yet on examination, every detail, every little ornament, most daintily finished. At one part of the Mosque, about the centre, if you look away to the north, you get one of the most perfect pictures man can imagine. Two or three bold Saracenic arches in the foreground, leading the eye gradually to a sort of chapel shut off from the rest of the building by a wonderful reredos of cut marble, beyond this an open doorway surmounted by the usual arch of rope pattern, each side of the doors a window of perforated marble in variegated pattern letting in rays of sun-light, and away beyond, through the door, the river and open country for miles basking in the sunshine, and with the glorious deep blue of the cloudless sky as a back ground. It would seem impossible again to meet such a marvellous combination of art and nature, such form, such colour. What has become of the people who were capable of such supreme efforts? Are the miserable old Mussulman paupers, who offer us photos for sale, or attempt to explain the buildings to us, in any sort or manner connections or descendants of the god-like intellects, who could have planned and enjoyed these works? I do not believe it. Have we Englishmen "*improved*" these people off the face of the earth? God forbid! We must be a pest and a nuisance on the earth if we have. St. Paul's or St. Peter's are shabby old barns compared to the Taj and its attendant Mosques. If it be possible for a people to die out who possessed such exquisite and god-like appreciation of art, and one thinks of the Greeks and Pompeians as one writes it, what hope is there for our race?

Mais allons nous, we won't get sentimental even though it be a pretty woman's tomb. By-the-bye,

who gets the best of it, who is most immortalized, Moomtaz Mahal; The Fornarini; The Beatrice Cenci; Titian's Beauty; Helen of Troy; Hero; or who amongst beautiful women? Let me ask you, fair reader, if I have one. How would you wish to be remembered? as her to whom your devoted husband erected the most beautiful tomb, or to have your portrait painted by a Raphael, or a Titian, and be known throughout the world by replicas? or immortalized in history as having caused a long and bloody war? or sang in song as is Hero?

From the Taj we went on to the fort, passing through a very busy and oriental bazaar. The fort is a large and handsome structure of red stone, and before the days of Messrs. Armstrong and Krupp, must have been a strong place. It is a city in itself, externally reminding one somewhat of Warwick Castle. It contains many places of great interest, and these were all explained to Lord and Lady Hobart by Mr. Keene, the Judge of Agra, author of the "Agra Guide," and a history of the Moghul Emperors, an accomplished and enthusiastic Oriental scholar. There were more things to see than my limited space will permit me to give a detailed account of. In the large audience hall of Akbar, at one time converted into an arsenal, but now a large empty hall, stands the famous gate of Somnath. These gates* were over the temple of

* These gates are said not to be the original gates at all, but mere "doing-duty wallahs." Another historic "fact" which turns out an illusion, and to think poor Lord Ellenborough should have lost his Governor-Generalship of India for such imposters. The evidence on which their authenticity is upset is this. The gates of Somnath were said to be of sandal-wood, and these when submitted to microscopic examination, turn out to be of pine; but may not the statement that the gates were of sandal-wood be the mistake, and these the gates of Somnath, only they don't turn out on minute inspection, to be what they were supposed to be, sandal-wood?

Somnath in Guzerat when that sacred edifice was stormed by Sultan Mahmoud, A. D. 1017, and carried off to his capital Ghiznee in Affghanistan. There they remained until, in 1839, they were taken by our victorious troops and transferred at Lord Ellenborough's command to Agra. Their only interest lies in this history, their connection with Lord Ellenborough, and the presence of three metal bosses nailed on one of the panels, taken from the shield of the famous Mahmoud. In the middle of one side of the large room, let into the wall as it were, is a small platform or stage to which you ascend by steps. This is the divan or judgment seat of the famous Akbar. Here daily he showed himself to his people, entering from his private apartments by a little door behind, and as one stood in the large hall facing the divan, it was easy to re-people the spacious apartment and realize the graphic description left us by Sir Thomas Roe and others, of the scenes, witnessed by them in the days of Akbar and his successor Jehangir. Ascending the steps and having duly sat in the seat of the great Mohguls, becoming Emperor, for a moment, and looking down upon the audience, you pass out behind by the same door that Akbar used, and find yourself in the private apartments. "But what apartments! a splendid open court of white marble, fringed on each side with colonades of the same material, chambers and pavilions of marble, again inlaid with cunning florentine mosaics of precious stones. They are precious caskets of marble, glittering all over with jasper, agate, cornelian, bloodstone and lapis lazuli, and topped with golden domes. Balustrades of marble wrought in open pattern of such rich design, that they resemble fringes

of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements. The Jumna washes the walls seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the Zenana or women's apartments, there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India,* the Taj shining like a palace of ivory and crystal, about a mile down the stream." The most curious part of the palace is the Shish-Mahal, Palace of glass, which is an oriental bath, the chambers and passages whereof are adorned with thousands of small mirrors, disposed in the most intricate designs. The water falls in a broad sheet into a marble pool over brilliant lamps, and the fountains are so constructed as to be lighted from within. Mimic cascades tumble from the walls over slabs of varied marble into basins so curiously carved, that the motion of the water produces the appearance of fish. This bath must once have realized all the fabled splendors of the Arabian story. The chambers of the Sultans and the open courts connecting them are filled with fountains."

Though the building is an incrustation of gold, marble and precious stones, water is still its most beautiful ornament. Within these fairy precincts lies the garden still overrun with roses and jasmine vines, in the midst of which fountains are playing. There is also a court paved with squares of black and white marble, so as to form a Pachisi board. This game resembled Backgammon, or better still Chess, but instead of ivory pieces, it was played on this colossal board by Akbar, and his wives, or ministers, with slave

* Why not write world? This description is from Mr. Taylor's (an American) notes, a man who thoroughly appreciated Agra.

girls who trotted from square to square, as the moves were made.

On an open terrace over-hanging the Jumna, where Akbar sat on great occasions, is his throne; a slab of black marble about six feet square. It is cracked entirely through, and this is said to have occurred when the Mahrattas took Agra; the Rajah of Bhurtpore seated himself upon the throne, whereupon it not only cracked from side to side, but blood gushed out of its top in two places. When Lord Ellenborough was Governor-General of India, he also sat there, causing it to shed blood a second time. There are two or three red stains on its surface, which sufficiently attest these miracles to all good Mussulmans. Opposite the throne is a smaller one of white marble where, if tradition be relied on, the Emperor's fool or jester took his place, and burlesqued his master.

Before leaving this part of the palace, we passed on to the baths and inner rooms of the Sultan's; in a little terrace here not far from Akbar's throne, there is a round hole in the rich pierced lace work of the balustrade repeated in the wall opposite, and so on to one or more walls in the inner apartments. This was caused by a cannon ball from Lord Lake's artillery, and is said to have been the first shot fired, but pitching as it did in the very heart of the Royal fort, caused instant surrender. A lucky shot for all time, for the bombardment and destruction of such a place would have been a grievous loss. There are some curious underground passages where the ladies of the harem played hide-and-seek before the Emperor, dashing through fountains of water, hiding behind columns and making the place resound with merriment, "clad

only in the primitive garb of Eve," so says the guide book ; we descended into these apartments, now only a collection of narrow passages, somewhat dismal and dark, and suggestive of bats. One passage leads a long way down parallel with the river, ending in a large well, said to have been the final resting place of unfaithful or tiresome wives. We were glad enough to emerge again to the open air, and make our way to the Mota Musjid or Pearl of Mosques.

" It is, in truth, the pearl of all Mosques of small dimensions, but absolutely perfect in style and proportions. It is lifted on a lofty sand stone platform, and from without nothing can be seen, but its three domes of white marble and gilded spires. In all distant views of the Fort these domes are seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away. Ascending a long flight of steps, a heavy door was opened for me, and I stood in the courtyard of the Mosque on its western side, and the pure blue of the sky over head. The three domes crown a corridor open towards the court, and divided into three aisles by a triple row of the most exquisitely proportioned Saracenic arches. The Mota Musjid can be compared to no other edifice that I have ever seen. To my eye it is absolutely perfect, while its architecture is purely Saracenic, which some suppose cannot exist without ornament, it has the severe simplicity of Doric art. It has in fact nothing which can probably be called ornament. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I feel humbled as a Christian to think that our noble religion

has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahomed !"

I have again quoted the American author, not only because his description is so charming, but having exhausted my own vocabulary of "exquisite," "charming" perfect, &c., on the Taj, I was at a loss how to speak of this unique building. It deserves all Mr. Taylor says of it. We could scarcely tear ourselves away, as each new beauty of its architectural portion was pointed out to us by the enthusiastic Mr. Keene. There is a small side chamber to this Mosque screened off from the main court by a beautiful pierced screen of marble, where the ladies assembled for worship, and from which through the screen they could, themselves unseen, contemplate all that went on in the Mosque. It was easy in imagination to people this small side temple with the houris of Akbar's court, watching the dusky warriors of the time at prayer, or listening to the fashionable preacher of the period holding forth in praise of Allah ! and his prophet.

But one must tear oneself away at last and the carriages are ready, the unwearied Mr. Keene however will not allow Lord Hobart to leave until he has shewn him another portion of the Fort of Hindu character. The change of style is certainly most marked, but all of us are not sufficiently learned to appreciate the intense interest our polite cicerone takes in the matter. One makes a mental resolve to read up Fergusson ; we all can however fully join in Mr. Keene's indignation at seeing a curiously mosaic apartment whitewashed by the D. P. W., and still more at their having erected buildings, *necessary*, and useful no doubt to a garrison, but the very last one would think of con-

structing against even the outside wall of "a sanctuary so pure and stainless" as the Mota Musjid ! ! Surely some fitter place could have been found.

Once more at last in our carriages, and away we clatter through the cotton market ; there is another mosque outside, the enthusiastic Mr. Keene wants us to see, but all the party have had enough of mosques, so forward down the via Toledo of Agra, again past its picturesque houses and shops, and its gaily dressed occupants of balconies ; past the dirty butchers' quarter, more loathsome and foul in the afternoon sun than it was in the morning ; past the Catholic Cathedral, hideous barn to a mind still saturated with the beauties of the Mussulman's Mosque ; past the long, low, almost interminable mud wall of the jail, highest type of the nineteenth century, D. P. W. architecture, as Mr. Keene sarcastically calls it ; again in the desolate respectable English quarter of bungalows. It is very dusty now, it almost chokes one, and we watch with eagerness for the dashing round of our dust-creating escort into the Rajah's garden. Ah ! here we are at last, tired, pleased, but thirsty, and glad enough to seek rest and refreshment in the hospital mansion of the Bhurtpore Maharajah.

We had a very pleasant dinner that evening. The Commissioner, a wonderfully handsome old man, with a Jove-like head ; the Judge, Mr. Keene, who had been all day our guide, philosopher, and friend. Mr. Lawrence, of that ilk, whom we had seen a short time before on our benighted side, inspecting the Lawrence Asylums. The General, a fine old soldier, who had raised, and commanded an incredible number of years the Cavalry Regiment, of which our dust-producing

escort was a portion, and several others with ourselves forming quite a large dinner party ; and so to bed.

I fell asleep in my vaulted room never thinking of the ghost, and slept soundly till I know not what hour ; when I awoke and found myself in utter darkness, my night light having gone out. It is a very strange feeling that awakening up in a strange place and being quite unable to remember where you are. I fancied myself in the railway carriage, and that the train had stopped, but presently I saw a faint light shining through the open fret work over the door way, making a curious pattern on the wall opposite, and the light moved and set me thinking as to what it came from, and then the ghost popped into my head. Should I go and see whether it was the ghost? Fiddlesticks! go to sleep, that's the best thing you can do, besides it's very cold, so I turned and tried to go to sleep; but when a thing of that sort gets into one's head, it is impossible to sleep. Shut your eyes ever so tightly they are sure to open again and look, like Dr. Johnson who sometimes would be haunted by a post he had omitted to touch in passing, and which ultimately compelled him to walk back and touch it. So I am obliged to open my eyes, and look at the pattern thrown by the light on the wall. It moves, or I fancy it does, no! yes! it moves distinctly, it is no fancy, so out I jump into the cold night and follow the light. I open the door and turn into the narrow mysterious passage, there is the light disappearing before me round the corner. I move rapidly towards it, it moves too and disappears across the drawing room to the centre room over the tomb! Shall I follow? Man has been described by some one as an unarmed animal, and in a night gown with bare

legs, he certainly is a weak unprotected creature, especially so in a country of scorpions and centipedes. The light is moving again, so on, if you wish to see it. I follow, it moves out of the dining room ; a dim mysterious figure in white, I rush on and see it put the light down on a table, and turn towards me.

" Khoon hai toom ? (who are you ?)"

" The Khitmudgar, Sahib."

" What are you doing walking about with a light at this time ?"

" I am going to get the tea ready for the gentlemen going to Futtehpore Sikree, Sahib."

So there is the ghost of the Bhurtpore Rajah's house ! a comfortable, substantial-looking Khitmudgar. I too won't believe in ghosts any more, *seen too many of them.*

JANUARY, 25TH. All the party, save Lord and Lady Hobart, went off to see the ruins of Futtehpore Sikree, and I preferred remaining also, to visit the Taj again. Futtehpore was the favorite residence of Akbar ; a sort of Versailles, and is, I believe, well worth a visit. After breakfast, procured a carriage and drove again to the Taj, this time going by a different route, viz., round the cantonment, and not through the town, Agra, as a cantonment, struck me as about the most miserable desolate, dusty place I have seen in India, and the bungalows as rather worse than Indian bungalows in general. The drive was a long dreary one, past interminable mud walls badly kept, and compounds containing not a blade or leaf of any thing green. We are mere sojourners in this land, and our dwellings bear testimony thereto, at any rate in Agra. The day was a

much cooler one than yesterday, and I enjoyed my morning at the Taj immensely. The gardens are very well kept and contain numbers of large shady trees with seats under them, and shifting about from one to the other, one obtained a series of beautiful pictures of this incomparable building. The dark green cypresses in the foreground formed an admirable foil to the pure white minarets, standing out in bold relief against the deep azure of the sky. There was that absolute silence and calm which harmonises so well with a scene like this. It was one of those little halts in the worry of life which are as grateful as a cup of water in a desert. One scene has become indelibly impressed on my memory, it was that of the right minar or minaret standing out in exquisitely bold relief against the sky, the rest of the building and the platform from which it springs, hidden by the dark foliage of the cypress trees, whilst away in the illimitable distance, there was a flock of those curious, heavy-sailing birds, the Cyrus, performing their evolutions in the air with all the exactness of a well-drilled regiment. The more you examine the Taj, the more you look at it from every aspect, the more beautiful it is.

I bade it adieu at last, and drove home this time through the busy, picturesque, native town to the Rajah's house, where a number of people had brought specimens of curious stone carvings for sale, and amongst them admirable models of the Taj of which our party purchased largely.

Spent the afternoon examining one of the most curious books perhaps in the world, the Autobiography of the famous Baber. This unique book is in the library of the college here, and had been kindly pro-

cured for Lady Hobart's inspection by Mr. Keene. Lady Hobart was kind enough to let me have it in the afternoon. I walked off with it to my vaulted den, bolted the door and thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a thick work, in good state of preservation. The hand-writing is supposed to be Baber's, and the book is profusely illustrated with coloured sketches, also supposed to be by the hand of the royal author, the writing, which is in Persian, is beautifully clear and distinct on vellum. The illustrations are simply marvellous, the perspective of course is altogether wrong, but the figures of men, horses, animals, &c., are full of vigour, constantly drawn in action, and are surprisingly well coloured. From it one sees that Baber and his courtiers were people of very light, almost European complexions, with red beards; a florid sanguine race. He was a great lover of the chase, and nearly all the pictures have reference to sport or war. I had not time to get through the book, for although I had hidden myself anticipating interruption, and one is not in Agra every day, I was unearthed before I had had the precious volume more than an hour. I find the following in my notes. There are a great number of animals depicted in the various pictures. Peacocks and antelopes very well done, a strange animal like a puma which I did not know existed in India. The long-nosed porpoise as seen in the Hooghly drawn reclining on the top of the water, with a number of little fishes around him, amongst them the catfish so common in our Cooum. Bats and small birds very well done, especially the white paddy-bird and long-legged Cyrus; black and painted partridges; minais, doves, squirrels painted white, Brahminee bulls, cows,

monkies very well drawn indeed with great spirit and expression; spotted deer, a blue buck of some sort of deer unknown to me, hares, &c. In one picture the camel is drawn with the same curious head Raphael has depicted it in his cartoons seen in the Vatican. Is this only a coincidence, or was there a breed at one time with a head differently shaped to the present one having a very marked and prominent forehead?

The battle scenes are very spirited, there is one between two armies, the one bearing yellow, and the other red flags on their spear heads, in which the amount of blood spilt on the ground, the carriages, the wounded horses riderless careering over the plains, and furious hand to hand combats, would make Horace Vernet green with envy. In another appear horses with kettle-drums exactly the same as are used in irregular cavalry regiments to the present day, elephants discomfited flying with trunks up, madly away. A capital picture executed with marvellous skill represents a rhinoceros chase, with the hunters mounted on elephants and horses, using bows and arrows as offensive weapons.

In another pictnre somebody is arriving with tents and a goodly quantity of luggage on camels, all very light coloured people, as fair as Europeans. I suspect Baber's people, who came from that part of the world which the Russian expedition to Khiva is rendering just now famous, must have been a very light almost European complexioned race; alas! if any of the gentry one sees about Agra now are descended from them, the sun in the course of centuries has very effectually deepened their colour. Half

way through the book, fire arms first make their appearance in the shape of matchlocks. Then there is an admirable picture of a feast: Moghul warriors and courtiers seated at a table with attendants and good fare in the foreground. Another represents a King and Queen seated on a canopy, and beneath squatting on the floor a number of female attendants in costumes, not at all unlike some depicted in our old books of costumes, tempore Plantaganet; a tall head-dress with veils pendant down the backs, jackets fitting to the figure with short arms, but the arms and hands encased in long glove-like stockings of a green colour. A picture represents the ground covered with snow, and as one advances into the book, matchlocks become more frequent, sharing with the bow the honors of the battle. If one remembers that Baber flourished between the latter part of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century, that is about the same time as Raphael, these drawings and sketches are very wonderful, for they are certainly very superior to the sketches seen in Italy in the time just preceding Raphael; as in the Campo Santo at Pisa and other places. Indian art,—in that direction at any rate, for we must not forget the Taj,—from that time seems to have made no progress, and it would be curious to trace the reason; was it the fanaticism of the Moslem religion under subsequent rulers, as Aurungzebe for instance?

In the evening, Lord Hobart accompanied by the Commissioner, the Judge and myself, took a most interesting drive, first through the town, and then across a bridge of boats over the Jumna to a picturesque garden, some two or three miles down on the banks of the river. This, called the Ram Bagh, was the garden

of Noor Jehan, whether the first of this name wife of Jehangir, or Moomtaz Mahal, sometimes called Noor Jehan, we forgot to learn, most probably the same as lies in the Taj. It is a very pretty garden, and one could imagine that in its old days of splendor, it must have been a beautiful place. Here we took water, as Pepys says, and rowed gently back to Agra. It was a beautiful cool evening with a very pretty sunset, and we all enjoyed the trip immensely. The banks are dotted all along with large pretentious-looking villas, which one is informed are tombs of departed Moghul noblemen. One is struck with the oddity of this way of disfiguring a river, and the explanation afforded by Mr. Keene adds, if anything to the grotesqueness of it. It seems it was customary for a man of sufficient importance to be able to afford it, to build himself a villa in which during life he enjoyed himself and entertained his friends, and in which at his death he was buried, and it then became sealed as a tomb. We English, are accused of taking our pleasures sadly, but we haven't got to this yet! What lively places Richmond, Isleworth, and Twickenham would become, if the Dukes of Buccleuch, Northumberland, and others were to convert their beautiful places into tombs at their death!

CHAPTER VIII.

Delhi.

JANUARY, 26TH. Arrived early in the morning at Delhi somewhat before our time, there being no officials to receive Lord Hobart; in time the Commissioner, Colonel Cracroft, and Assistant Commissioner Major MacMahon turned up, and we drove off to the Commissioner's house, Ludlow Castle, which is some little way out of Delhi. We passed through the Moree gate, and turned to our right to inspect the famous Cashmere gate and the breach in the walls, through which our magnificent fellows fought their way in the memorable storm of Delhi in the mutiny year. Delhi is surrounded by a fortified wall, a deep ditch, and outside this a sloping mound of earth, the glacis, which at some distance completely hides all of the wall save the upper crenellated part. To my untutored eye it seemed a place which might be made to hold out a considerable time with good troops inside, and it did take a tremendous deal of pounding before a practicable breach was made in it. The breach still remains, but the gate which was left for a long time in the state it was found after the siege, being lately declared dangerous has been restored. I defy any Englishman who remembers the stirring times of 1857-8, to stand opposite that gate and not feel his nerves tingle and his flesh creep, as he recalls the story. It will surely bear telling again, and again.

"At the head of the third column stood the gallant exploding party, consisting of Lieutenants Salkeed and Home, of the Engineers; Serjeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, of the Bengal Sappers; and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd L. I. (who accompanied the party

to sound the advance when the gate was blown in) and eight native Sappers under Havildar Mahdoo, to carry the bags of powder. At the edge of the cover, the powder bags had been transferred to the European Soldiers. Here stood this heroic little band, forming a forlorn hope, feeling themselves doomed to almost certain death, waiting in almost agonising suspense for the appointed signal. It came, the firing suddenly ceased, the cheer of the Rifles rang through the air, out moved Home with four soldiers, each carrying a bag of powder on his head, close behind him came Salkeed, port-fire in hand, with four more soldiers similarly laden; whilst a short distance behind the storming party 150 strong—50 men of Her Majesty's 52nd Light Infantry, 50 of the Kumaon Battalion, and 50 of the 1st Punjab Infantry, under Captain Bailey of Her Majesty's 52nd—followed up by the main body of the column in rear. The gateway, as in all native cities, was on the side of the bastion, and had an outer gateway in advance of the ditch. Home and his party were at this outer gate almost before their appearance was known. It was open, but the drawbridge so shattered that it was very difficult to cross; however, they got over, reached the main gate, and laid their bags unharmed.

So utterly paralysed were the enemy at the audacity of the proceeding, that they only fired a few straggling shots, and made haste to close the wicket with every appearance of alarm, so that Lieutenant Home, after laying his bags jumped into the ditch unhurt. It was now Salkeed's turn. He also advanced with four other bags of powder and a lighted port-fire, but the enemy had now recovered from their consternation and

had seen the smallness of the party and the object of their approach: A deadly fire was poured upon the little band from the open wicket not ten feet distant. Salkeed laid his bags, but was shot through the arm and leg, and fell back upon the bridge, handing the port-fire to Serjeant Burgess, bidding him light the fusee. Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Serjeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the port-fire and succeeded in the attempt, but immediately fell mortally wounded. Serjeant Smith seeing him fall, advanced at a run, but finding that the fusee was already burning threw himself into the ditch where the bugler had already conveyed poor Salkeed. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate, the bugle sounded the advance, and then with a loud cheer the storming party was in the gateway, and in a few minutes more the columns, and the Cashmere gate and main-guard were once more in our hands.

All the survivors were recommended for the Victoria Cross, but Salkeed died shortly after of his wounds, and Lieut. Home met his death accidently while blowing up the Fort of Malagurh."

From viewing the breach and gate, we drove to the Commissioner's house; on our way, the talk of course was of the mutiny. Major MacMahon told us an amusing story of some Regiment of Pandies, I forget its number, which mutinied at Sealkote. The men were fond of their Colonel and one of their Captains, to whom they coolly offered the command and second in command of the Regiment, with the handsome salaries of Rs. 2,000 and 1,000. They were quite astonished at their refusal, and argued the point with them! "What is the use of your being obstinate," said they, "the

army is gone, and you know that in India the Raj goes with the army; stay and command us, we will be good children and obey you; you Colonel shall have 2,000 rupees and the Major 1,000 rupees a month! No! what more do you want? Stay! you shall each have six months' leave to the Hills every year!!" Refusing even this tempting bait, the unreasonable Colonel and Captain were allowed to take their departure unharmed.

At Ludlow Castle, we were most hospitably received by Colonel Cracroft, the Commissioner. Its comfortable drawing room, with a bright fire in the grate, and Mrs. Crawford presiding at the tea table, was the most cosy English scene one had seen since leaving England, after a pleasant chota hazree, we sallied out for a stroll towards Delhi. Not far from the house between Ludlow Castle and the city, on the right hand side, is a churchyard where repose many of the noble dead who died before Delhi; conspicuous amongst the tombs is a fine white marble slab, which informs the visitor that beneath it reposes "Major General Nicholson, æt. 35." The heroic Nicholson, who died so young and yet so famous—"the sound of whose horse's feet," as said an old native chief, "was heard from Attock to the Khyber." I remember in 1858 living in a tent with an officer of the Bengal Fusiliers, now Her Majesty's 101st, who was in the column led by Nicholson on the day Delhi was stormed. They were in a narrow street, and the houses on each side held by sepoys, poured down upon them a storm of bullets; just as it was decided to fall back upon the main guard and wait for a gun or two, the enemy ran out a couple of field pieces and added to the slaughter, by firing grape down the crowd-

ed thoroughfare. Nicholson rushed to the front, and waving his sword led on the Fusiliers to capture the guns; there was a rush, one gun was taken, but Nicholson fell mortally wounded and so many Fusiliers with him, that it was with difficulty they could convey him back to the Cabul gate.

That night, so slender was our hold on Delhi, and so impossible did it seem to make head with our small force against the thousands of sepoys, and the countless multitude of armed fanatics with which the place was crowded, that some talk arose of falling back. This came to the ears of the dying hero in his tent, who sent word to say he would like to speak with the General commanding. It must have been a trying scene that interview, and I wonder no British artist has transferred it to canvass. The blanched and dying hero supported in his bed, fixed his eye upon the hesitating General and said, "Sir, I hear you have some thoughts "of losing your hold on Delhi; if you do, I, and every "soldier who fell to-day, will haunt you to your dying "hour." There was no leaving go of Delhi after this, the troops held on and Delhi fell.

Just inside the Cashmere gate,—is a handsome church, built by the famous Colonel Skinner, of Skinner's Horse. The tablets inside commemorative of the people slaughtered by the mutineers in 1857, are sad indeed to read. We were told that Colonel Skinner who had, before he came into the Hon'ble East India Company's service, been a General in the service of the King of Delhi, built in this city a Christian Church, a Mahomedan Mosque, and a Hindu Temple; feeling thus pretty sure that his future was made safe—whichever turned out to be right

—a most practical proof of a Catholic spirit. The Chaplain of the station, however, assured me the story was not true. "*Se non è vero è ben travato,*" again; that is the worst of it, half the good stories in this world are *not* true. After breakfast, Captain Bediskow of the Russian Guards, who was staying at Colonel Cracroft's, joined me in a carriage and an exploration of Delhi. We drove into Delhi by the Cashmere gate again, to the Dewan A'am or Hall of Public Audience, which is inside the Fort. It is a large hall open at three sides, and supported by rows of red sandstone pillars, formerly adorned with gilding and stucco work. In the wall at the back, is a staircase which leads up to the throne, which is raised about ten feet from the ground, and is covered by a canopy supported on four pillars of white marble, the whole being curiously inlaid with Mosaic work; behind the throne is a doorway by which the Emperor entered from his private apartments. The whole of the wall behind the throne is covered with Mosaic paintings, in precious stones, of some of the most beautiful flowers, fruits, birds, and beasts of Hindostan. Most of them are represented in a very natural manner. They were executed by Austin de Bordeaux, who, after defrauding several of the Princes of Europe by means of false gems,* fabricated with great skill, sought refuge at the court of Jehan where he made his fortune, and was in high favor with the Emperor. In front of the throne, and slightly raised above the floor of the hall, is a large slab of white marble, the whole being curiously inlaid

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* I beg to say all this is on the authority of the Delhi Guide book. I should be sorry to make such a strong statement against Austin de Bordeaux.

with Mosaic work, of which the traces only now remain."—(Beresford, Delhi, 1856.)

From the Dewan A'am across an open quadrangle, a few seconds' walk brings you to the Dewan Khass or Hall of Audience, peculiarly set apart for the reception of the nobility. "The building is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble supported on massive pillars of the same material, the whole of which with the connecting arches, are richly ornamented with flowers of inlaid Mosaic work, of different colored stones, and gilding. It is raised on a terrace four feet high, the floor of which is composed of flags of white marble. Between each of the front row of pillars is a balustrade of marble, chastely carved in several designs of perforated work. The top of the building is ornamented with four marble pavilions with gilt cupolas; the ceiling of the pavilion was originally completely covered with silver filagree work, but in 1759, the Mahrattas under Sedasheo Bhao, after the capture of the city, took this down and melted it, the value being estimated at £170,000. In the cornice at each end of the interior hall, is sculptured in letters of gold and in the Persian language: "If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this." In this hall was the famous Peacock Throne, so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad; it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by

twelve pillars all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald ?* On either side of the throne stood a chatree or umbrella, one of the oriental emblems of royalty; they were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls, the handles were eight feet high of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost of this superb work of art has been variously stated at sums varying from one to six millions of pounds sterling.

The peacock throne, with nearly all the treasures in the imperial city, were taken away by Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror, who, after defeating the reigning Emperor Mahomed Shah, at Kurnool, A.D. 1739, marched with that sovereign in his train into Delhi. The inhabitants were foolish enough to attack the Persian Guards and slay some of the followers of the invader. A general massacre was ordered, and the whole city was given up to plunder. I have only to add my impression to the above succinct but graphic account of the Dewan Khass, taken from the *Delhi Guide Book*, that I had no idea so magnificent a room existed in the world. There is nothing like it that I am aware of in England, France, or Italy.

Near the Dewan Khass, is the Pearl Mosque used by the Royal Family; it is small, but beautifully finished. The King's bath and the baths of the ladies of the zenana are contiguous, and are well worth seeing. Bathing must have been a most luxurious and enjoyable process. The seats, the baths, and recesses

* Our friend Austin de Bordeaux again I am afraid!

are all of cool white and grey marble, whilst the pierced windows open up views across the Jumna of the distant landscapes, very beautiful to look at.

From the fort one drives to the Jumna Musjid, "the most famous Mosque of the East." It has size and a spacious quadrangle to recommend it, but it is built throughout of red sandstone which in great masses has a sombre and somewhat triste effect. It is not for one moment to be compared in grandeur with the mosque at Cairo built by Mahomed Ali Pasha, and for simple beauty the mosque flanking the Taj at Agra is much superior. Still it is a splendid building, and if we Christians could erect anywhere in India a temple to our God as noble, perhaps the people might believe a little more in our missionary efforts. The mosque is flanked by two minarets 130 feet high, up one of which we ascended and obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, and of the city at our feet. Away in front was the ridge, Ludlow Castle, and the Memorial Column, and one could imagine how, during the famous siege, moulvies and princes from these towers must have watched with maddening interest and anxiety, the doings of that handful of desperate Feringhees whose troops, occupying scarcely a degree of the circle around Delhi, obstinately carried on the apparent farce of besieging this enormous city. The country around is very flat, and in aspect most uninteresting; a series of ruined tombs and deserted cities, a dead flat plain of a country that has been, a column in the far distance, the Kotub Minar, *et voila tout.* On our descent, we were witness of a singular,—no not singular most probably frequent,—case of oppression of one native towards another. The man who had accompanied

us up the minaret, asked for and obtained a present from us. Just then two natives, stalwart bearded men of foreign look, most likely Punjabees, made as if to ascend the steps leading to the minaret, when the way was barred by our late guide. We asked him why he prevented the people from ascending, and as well as we could understand him, he said they were poor common people, and had no right to go up. We argued the point with him as far as our limited knowledge of the vernacular permitted, and gave him eight annas to allow them to ascend, upon which he consented, and we proceeded on our way. Half way across the square, we were overtaken by the two "common people," country yokels no doubt, and the minaret keeper, who was trying to prevent them addressing us, to inform us that having taken our gratuity, the minaret guide was even then obstructing their ascent. This time his plea was that the people would not take their shoes off, but he looked ashamed of himself. I see that since then, the envoy of Yarkund, himself a Mahomedan, has read the moulvies of the mosque, a lecture about taking off shoes.

From the mosque we drove to the Chandey Chowk; George Sala in his account of the famous Streets of the World, has no place for the Chandey Chowk, I think. It is a Champs Elysées and Regent Street combined; a long, handsome, broad street, planted with trees which shed a grateful shade over the trottoir, a carriage way in the middle, and rows of shops on either side. It was no longer, however, the gay and crowded thoroughfare of olden days, when the Moguls sat upon the Throne of India. "The shops are probably as brave in outward show as they ever were; but the

moving throng of richly dressed natives riding on caparisoned horses, lounging on their elephants or borne along in party coloured palankeens, have passed away for ever." Yes ! there is little doubt about this, whatever good we may be doing, we are destructive of the picturesque. Our clothes, our houses, our temples, our processions, ill bear comparison with the "benighted" Indians.

My Russian friend and myself enter one of the shops, that of—

Moolchund and Pyarilall,
Goldsmiths, Jewellers, &c.,
Jourie Bazaar,
Chandey Chowk,
Delhi.
(Branch in Bombay)

as the card informs us, and which I am very glad to reproduce if haply it may do them any service, for we found the shop-keepers very civil men, and their jewelry good. Of course they asked twice as much, *more indico,* as they ultimately took ; but they found their match in my companion the Russian Guardsman. Ah ! my friends, Moolchund and Pyarilall, *et hoc genus omne*, if ever you have Russian Generals commanding in Delhi, you will remember with curious feelings your old friends of Jahn Company Bahadoor ! ! I went to look and not to buy, but I found myself the possessor of nearly five hundred Rupees worth of chains, bracelets, crosses, &c., before I left the shop. The turquoise ornaments are very pretty and well worth purchasing, and so also is the fine filagree gold in crosses and chains. Strange enough one's wife, generally a most jealous chancellor of the exchequer, and fiery guardian of the

purse, looks upon money spent in Delhi jewelry as money well laid out.

In the evening we attended service in the church built by Skinner, and listened to another almost interminably long sermon from a gentleman with a strong Scotch accent. After church, the commissioner drove with Lord and Lady Hobart round the town, we following in another carriage behind. Through the Queen's gardens, a small but pretty park in the centre of the town, made from land confiscated from the Emperor after the mutiny. Pleasant dinner party in the evening, chiefly remarkable for a lively discussion with the Russian Guardsman, who spoke of Constantinople belonging to the Imperial Eagle as a foregone conclusion, a mere matter of time, a few years at the utmost. So to bed in a gloriously large new tent, big enough to hold Willoughby and myself; very cold; slept and dreamt of Arctic expeditions.

JANUARY, 27TH.—The whole party after an early breakfast started for the Kotub Minar, about 12 miles off. A fine sunshiny day, but the air cool and pleasant. Our carriage contained Captains Bediskow, Willoughby, and myself, and we contradicted each other in the most amiable manner all day. The entire road from Delhi to the Kotub, is a wonderful collection of tombs and deserted towns. It reminds one somewhat of the via Appia outside Rome, but beats that classic highway hollow in the matter of ruins. One gets frightfully tired of ruins after a time, at least I do, and one or two tombs go a long way. Here they are in sickening profusion. One building on the left, looking like a huge but deserted racket court, is the Junta Munta or observatory built by one Rajah Jey Sing of Jeypore in the

reign of Mahomed Shah. Some five miles on the road on the right hand side is the tomb of Sufter Jung, Vizier of Ahmed Shah Emperor of Delhi. This tomb is built on the model of the Taj at Agra, but it is not for one moment to be compared with that marvellous "tribute of affection." Our horses were changed here and we bowled along at a capital pace, quite realising Johnson's idea of happiness, "rapid motion through the air in a post chaise."

The Kotub Minar is a singular and noble column about 12 miles from Delhi. It is a very peculiar looking tower unlike any thing one has seen before. In shape when seen at a distance it may be compared to a ship's spy glass opened out to its full extent, and placed on the ground, large end downwards. It consists of five stories, each story being less in circumference than the one beneath it, thus tapering to the top, as I said before, like a telescope opened out. It is asserted in the Guide books to be the highest pillar in the wôrld, standing 238 feet one inch, above the level of the ground. I like the *one inch.* I do not know the height of the Campanella at Pisa, or the monument in London, but I should say it was higher than either.* Like the Tower at Pisa it leans somewhat out of the perpendicular, at least so it appeared to me and the rest of our party, when attention was drawn to it. It is said to have once been seven stories high, but this seems doubtful, for if the two additional stories had contracted in the same ratio as the five now standing,

* "The minaret of the Mosque of Hussun at Cairo is known to be loftier than this pillar;" but as the minar is an independent building, it has a far nobler appearance, and both in design and finish far surpasses its Egyptian rival as indeed it does any building of its class."—FERGUSSON.

there would scarcely have been room to ascend to the top. The pillar is of a peculiar formation; in the lowest story the flutes are alternately angular and circular; in the second circular, and in the third angular only. The whole of the outside is composed of red sandstone beautifully carved, except just the summit which has some ornamental marble work.

The history of the Kotub Minar is written in its inscriptions. In the basement story there are six bands or belts of inscriptions encircling the Tower. The uppermost band contains only some verses from the Koran, and the next below it gives the well known ninety names (Arabic) of the Almighty. The third belt contains the name and praises of Mauz-oodeen Abul Muzafur Mahomed Bin Sam. The fourth belt contains only a verse from the Koran, and the fifth belt repeats the name and praises of the Sultan Mahomed Bin Sam. The lowermost belt has been too much injured, both by time and by ignorant restorations to admit of being read, but Syud Ahmud has traced the words Amir-ool Amra or chief of the Nobles. The inscription over the entrance doorway records that the Minar of Sultan Shumsh-oodeen Altomsh having been injured, was repaired during the reign of Sekunder Shah, son of Behlol by Tutch Khan, the son of Khawas Khan, in A. H. 909, or A. D. 1503. In the second story, the inscription over the doorway records that the Emperor Altomsh ordered the completion of the Minar. The lowermost belt contains the verses of the Koran, respecting the summons to prayer on Friday, and the upper line contains the praises of the Emperor Altomsh. Over the third story, the praises of Altomsh are repeated, and again in the belt of the in-

scriptions round the column. In the fourth story, the door inscription records that the Minar having been injured by lightning, was repaired by the Emperor Feroz Shah in A. H. 770 or A. D. 1368, (General Cunningham.) The pillar appears to have been completed about A. D. 1235.

It is not known how the name Kotub or Kutab arose; it seems it is quite modern, the old word for it being the Lat. (pillar) or the Minar (minaret).

The history of theiron pillar is involved in great obscurity, it being a popular legend that the Hindu Rajah Pithora commenced a pillar on the site of the present Minar, at the request of his daughter, who was desirous of seeing the river Jumna daily, and from its summit beholding the rising sun. Whether the Hindu Rajah did commence the building can never be satisfactorily determined, but the glory of its completion undoubtedly rests with the Mahomedans alone. There are various arguments in favour of the pillar having been, at any rate, commenced by the Hindus, but these arguments General Cunningham, in the most able manner, takes up and summarily disposes of.

Of course we ascended the wonderful tower by the winding staircase inside. The ascent is very easy, the steps being very nicely graduated and smoothly cut. One could not help thinking here, as at Agra, that those old Mussulmans had their D. P. W. better in hand than their European successors. At each story there is a small doorway leading to a balcony on the outside, carefully protected by an iron railing. Three hundred and seventy-nine steps (Willoughby is my authority) takes one to the top, a small circular open space surrounded by a handsome bronze railing.

What a singular sensation, that desire to fling oneself down from a great height, is which comes over one; most probably half the suicides which took place from the Monument in London, until it was effectually caged in, arose from this, and not previous determination. Several of our party owned to feeling the sensation, and as a sort of compromise, an expiatory offering, an open umbrella was sent over. We expected to see it sail down slowly, magestically like a parachute, instead of which it turned upside down and shot down with rude velocity, luckily hurting no one below. The view from this elevation is very extensive, and away in the distance we could see the minarets of Delhi glistening in the sun, and the lazy Jumna rippling in its rays. The country looked an uncultivated wilderness of stones, relieved here and there by a green patch of cultivation; I have seen nothing so barren and desolate in Southern India.

On our descent, we strolled about the ruins of what, at some former time, must have been an important town. We were much amused by a number of men diving into a well, certainly a most curious sight. It was a large open-mouthed reservoir, some twenty or thirty feet deep from the parapet to the water. A man mounted the parapet, and having attracted our attention suddenly leapt down the chasm, feet foremost; as he jumped he uttered a short cry, opening his legs and extending his arms wide, but just before reaching the water, he closed his legs and brought his arms down smartly to his sides, entering the water with as little resistance as possible. The first man had barely touched the water and disappeared, when he was followed by another, and another, until three or

four had jumped into the well in quick succession. They came up quickly and buoyantly, swimming out under an archway at the bottom, and running round and up again, ready to repeat the feat. Men of all ages, some old and grey-headed, others mere youths of sixteen or seventeen took part in the sport, and seemed fully satisfied with a couple of rupees, to divide amongst them. It seems the art is learnt by degrees; there are steps round the inside of the well let into the wall, as one sees in all Indian wells, and they commence at one step, two steps, until the necessary skill or courage is obtained to jump the entire height. It is a more curious than useful performance, and their energies might be more profitably directed.

In the town itself, the only other things worth seeing were some tombs. Tombs! always tombs!! Toujours tombs, is worse than toujours perdrix. There is a very curious iron pillar, quite close to the Kotub, seen through a ruined colonnade of Hindu pillars, forming a very picturesque scene, and which on our return we found Lady Hobart sketching. "This," says General Cunningham, "is one of the most curious monuments in India. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal upwards of sixteen inches in diamater, and about fifty feet in length. The total height of the pillar above the ground is twenty-two feet, its depth under ground is considerably greater than its height above ground, as a recent excavation was carried down to twenty-six feet without reaching the foundation on which the pillar rests." Cunningham considers that the whole length would not be less than sixty feet, and that it would weigh upwards of seventeen tons. The pillar was probably erected by Rajah Dhava in A.D. 319; this sovereign's

name is imprinted on it. Anang Pal II of the Tomara Dynasty seems to have been the sovereign who had it dug up, but the popular legend gives the credit or otherwise of this, to Rajah Pithora the last of the Hindu sovereigns, who was defeated by Shahab-oodeen.

This wonderful fragment of antiquity is situated in the grand square of the Mosque, the native legend is as follows :—

"Rajah Pithora dreading the fall of his dynasty, consulted the Brahmins as to what steps should be taken to ensure its continuance. He was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the ground and managed to pierce the head of the Snake God Lishay, who supported the world, his kingdom would endure for ever. The pillar was accordingly constructed, and the directions of the Brahmins implicitly obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed is not said, but the Rajah, either distrusting his priestly advisers or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched,—contrary to the entreaties of the Brahmins,—had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly cease. He ordered the pillar to be again inserted in the ground, but the serpent below appears to have had enough of cold iron, and the Brahmins declared that the sceptre would soon pass away from the hands of the Hindu sovereign. The charm was anyhow broken, for Shahab-oodeen shortly after wrested from Pithora his life and his kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindu king has ever ruled in Delhi."

"A very good legend, suggestive of luncheon," said

Willoughby, " very sorry for poor Pithora."

Luncheon was spread in Metcalfe's house, a small bungalow close by, which, like every other house in this wonderful land, had been a tomb, that of Mahomed Korla Khan, the Emperor Akber's foster father. It was the favorite resort of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, formerly Resident at the Court of Delhi. It was a capital luncheon, in no way spoilt by its funereal surroundings, and we were most unbecomingly cheerful. We afterwards sat out on a flat roof in the shade, and spent one of those unpremeditated enjoyable hours over our cheroots, which one looks back to in after years.

But the guards are mounted, carriages ready, and we must get back. The same procession of three carriages, the Russian, Willoughby, and myself in the last; we resume our arguments, which remind me much of the triangular duel in Peter Simple. We all take different views of the same subject, and maintain them with pertinacity. Our return was by the same road until we changed horses, when we turned sharp to our right to the village of Nawab-ke-Serai, to visit the Emperor Humayon's tomb. This is certainly a fine mausoleum, and the most striking perhaps after the Taj, we had seen. General Cunningham describes it as the earliest specimen of the architecture of the Mogul dynasty. It interested me from having on various places a common masonic symbol, bearing evidence that it was most probably built by a member of the mystic fraternity. It was here that Hodson of the Guides seized and slew the sons of the emperor of Delhi, a deed that always to my mind smacks more of the middle ages than our own; a deed which, although perhaps justified by necessity, has a nasty tinge of

murder about it; but let us hear the story in Hodson's own words.

"I laid my plans so as to cut off access to the tomb or escape from it, and then sent in one of the inferior scions of the royal family (purchased for the purpose by the present of his life) and my one-eyed moulvie Rajub Alli, to say that I had come to seize the Shahzadahs for punishment, and intended to do so dead or alive. After two hours of wordy strife and very anxious suspense, they appeared, and asked if their lives had been promised by the Government, to which I answered most certainly not, and sent them away from the tomb towards the city under a guard. I then went with the rest of the sowars to the tomb, and found it crowded; I should think with some 6,000 or 7,000 of the servants, hangers-on and scum of the palace and city, taking refuge in the cloisters which lined the walls of the tomb. I saw at once that there was nothing for it but determination and a bold front, so I demanded in a voice of authority the instant surrender of their arms. They immediately obeyed with an alacrity I scarcely dared to hope, for in less than two hours they brought forth from innumerable hiding places some five hundred swords and more than that number of firearms, besides horses, bullocks and covered carts, called Ruths, used by women and eunuchs of the palace. I then arranged the arms and animals in the centre, and left an armed guard with them, while I went to look after my prisoners who, with their guard, had moved on towards Delhi. I came up just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard; I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd,

saying these were the butchers who had murdered and brutally used helpless women and children, and that Government had now sent their punishment, and seizing a carbine from one of my men, I deliberately shot them one after another."

There are some other and very beautiful tombs in Arab-ke-Serai; the rest of the party drove home, but our Russian friend who had been here before persuaded us to prolong our visit, and we were amply repaid for following his advice. I will not stop to enumerate them all, but one exquisite *chef d'œuvre* Mirza Jehangier's tomb, surpassed anything in marble work we had yet seen. It is contained in a small space not larger than an ordinary room. The tomb is raised from the ground and you ascend a few marble steps to it, the sarcophagus of marble is artistically carved with representations of leaves, flowers, etc., the whole enclosed with a marvellous screen of pierced marble, I think the most perfect one we saw. This unique tomb is erected over a very worthless fellow who, according to General Sleeman, drank himself to death with Hoffmann's Cherry Brandy. "This," he would say, "is the only liquor you Englishmen have worth drinking, and its only fault is, it makes one drunk too soon." He was the son of Akber II., one of the titular Kings of Delhi; the tomb was built in 1832.

Another interesting tomb is that of the Poet Khusroa, the popular author of the Char Dervish; around this tomb a number of bright, well-clad little Mahomedan boys were seated, reading aloud from the Koran. The tomb, a handsome one, is well-kept and over the sarcophagus was spread what once had been a costly carpet,—now faded,—but still lovingly strewn

with flowers. Kusroo flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century, before Shakespeare; he was called the Parrot of India, and was the earliest writer in Oordoo. Who strews flowers over the tomb of the Swan of Avon? or who knows where he was buried?

Nizam-oodeen's tomb close by is, however, the holiest and most carefully tended. The tomb is surrounded by a verandah of white marble, while a cut marble screen encloses the sarcophagus, which is always covered with a cloth. Over the sarcophagus is suspended a sort of canopy supported by four wooden pillars not unlike an old four poster. A light burned inside, and the place had a number of votive offerings hung about; one felt inclined to go in, but on attempting to do so, the arm of the guide was extended across the door way, and he respectfully pointed to our feet asking us to remove our shoes. I took off my shoes and entered; at the extremity of the enclosed space sat an aged Sheik, with a fine venerable white beard, reading the Koran; he gave me the faintest glance as my figure darkened the entrance, and went on with his reading. There was a calm, holy, mysterious air about the place, very impressive.

Now, who was Nizam-ooden whose tomb is held in such reverence? He was a great man, no doubt, if originality is any claim to distinction; he invented Thuggee, so says General Sleeman. He lived in the reign of the Emperor Toogluck Shah about A.D. 1320, and his memory is held in great veneration; crowds attending the annual festival held in his honor. So much for a man who invents a perfectly new and comparatively painless method of putting his fellow creatures out of the way!

After viewing the resting place of this distinguished scoundrel, we took carriage and returned home. The road all along presented on each side ruins almost at every hundred yards; the sides of the road are strewn with broken stones, bricks, and pieces of marble and pottery, while away in the distance one sees tolerably large towns surrounded with walls flanked with castellated towers, with domes and minarets of mosques within, without a vestige of life stirring around them; verily this has been a country of wondrous vicissitudes.

On our return to Ludlow Castle we found the house crowded with merchants, offering the beautiful shawls of Cashmere and Delhi, jewelry, ivory paintings, etc., for sale. It was quite an exhibition of native industry, and exceedingly pretty. I fancy they must have gone away tolerably satisfied with their visit. After a pleasant dinner party we had some excellent music from our host, Colonel C——, who plays the violin *á la maestro*. It was worth while coming to Delhi to hear such good music; and then adieux to the station, and to bed in our travelling caravanserai.

CHAPTER IX.

To Bombay.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28TH.—Awoke, very cold; sun arising in a dim haze, just as on a frosty cold morning at home. Breakfast at Toondia station in sight of Agra and the Taj; capital breakfast from the ubiquitous Messrs. Kellner and Co. Resume our places in a happier frame of mind. Country we are passing through is well cultivated, and the people, if one may judge from appearances, comfortable and well to do. We have just passed a group that Mons. Taine would seize upon and describe with great delight. Two men on stout, good-looking country nags, dressed in warm picturesque coloured Rhizis or wadded cotton coats, of yellow and blue. They are escorting a yetka or country carriage which is drawn by two strong well-fed bullocks; the curtains of the yetka are down, but a small aperture just enables us to catch a glance of a pair of almond-shaped, black eyes peering at the passing train; behind are three or four camels laden with luggage. The procession has been stopped until the train passes, so we get a good look at them and the impression they have upon us, right or wrong, is that some yeoman or farmer is moving from one holding to another. At any rate a more respectable, well-clad, well-to-do, picturesque-looking group it would be difficult to see in any country. When wheugh! goes the whistle of our engine, and the fat bullocks of the lady's carriage become a little restive as we hurry away once more; past castor oil fields, past indigo without end, mustard, cholum,—cholum, mustard, indigo, castor oil,—in endless and almost monotonous interchange. I am reading Murray's History of British

India—" the Mogul Dynasty to Aurungzebe,"—of the endless and bloody wars raged over these very fields, and I hope with reasonable pride, the people are happier under our rule, and can sow and reap with more security. It is a pleasant, easy train, and we are in a very comfortable carriage; the temperature delicious during the day, and so reading, dozing, contemplating the cholum and indigo fields, and stopping at certain times to consume the admirable repasts provided for us by Messrs. Kellner and Co., the day passes pleasantly enough until as night closes on us we reach Allahabad. Here is a guard of honor of——, I forget what Regiment, drawn up to receive Lord Hobart, a magnificent company of English soldiers, one feels quite proud of them. There were also a number of officers here, and many of them known to our party; some joined us at dinner.

At the next station, not far from Allahabad, we stopped to take in a number of pilgrims, for we are now travelling by an ordinary train. The confusion, noise, and apparent helplessness of the people surpassed anything I have ever seen. It was a great crowd, for they had been to worship at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, a most holy affair. The majority seemed elderly people, men and women; each old woman had an enormous bundle over her back, and the problem the guard had to solve was to get these people into carriages. An old woman ascended the steps and as her bundle was much broader than herself, she stuck at the door, her body inside, but the bundle to which she clung despairingly, outside; around helplessly contemplating her a number of pilgrims wishing to ascend, and all chattering. To them, the guard, who with choice

Anglo-Saxon, administers a tremendous push, *a tergo* and the old lady bundle and all, is unceremoniously shot into the carriage. The rest of the pilgrims follow until the carriage is quite full, and guard is about to close and lock, when the old lady suddenly finds she is not with her party, and begins frantic efforts to get out again. Guard objects, whereupon the lady pilgrim shouts at the top of her voice for Tara——a——a——h——. A distant answer of Ama——a——ah, is borne upon the breeze, but the guard is obstinate; neither Ama or Tara have any effect upon him, he locks the door with cold-blooded ind ifference. I watch this performance repeated with slight variations at least a dozen times, indeed I got so carried away by the Babel of voices and struggling pilgrims that I find myself assisting to push one venerable old Brahminee with a very large bundle into a carriage. At last they are packed away, the train has swallowed the crowd, and like a gorged boa constrictor is puffing and snorting with his meal. "Going by this train, Sir? better jump in for we are off directly," says the energetic guard, addressing me. "Yes! do you often have such a crowd?" "Not often, Sir; this feast is a very holy one." "Seem to be a deal of trouble, pilgrims eh?" "You may say so! Pilgrims is worse than osses, Sir."

Away we go again, with our noisy load of pilgrims still screeching to one another, as we rush on into dark space. We have turned our backs on the great Bear and are travelling towards the Southern Cross. A cheroot and an argument with Willoughby, and so to bed.

Wednesday, 29th.—Not awakened by cold this morning. We are many miles southward. Aspect of the country entirely changed; it seems less cultivated

and of a drier more parched appearance, large plains of dried up grass ; in the distance, hills covered with trees shut in the horizon. We are in that part of India which in maps is not defined, but lies between the North-West and the Central Provinces. A fine shikar country, if one may judge from the low scrubby jungles at the foot of the hills. "A fine country for pigs," says Willoughby, and I am able this time to agree, for it was not far from here in the Saugor country that when in the A troop, old Madras Horse Artillery, we one day killed the famous boar at Saugor. Ah ! what a boar that was, and what a fight ! ! but I won't digress.

Country varies very much, sometimes admirably cultivated, at other places a sandy soil covered with long poor grass, and intersected with nullahs. At last we reach Jubbulpore, where we are to breakfast. Guard of honor formed of company of Her Majesty's 25th (K.O.B) a number of Madras Officers, for we are now once more in parts garrisoned by Madras troops, although not under the Civil power of Madras. Rowland Farrer on the platform, with as large a moustache as ever, and as hearty a welcome. We find out at breakfast though that the genius of Kellner and Co. has deserted us, and although as doctor I have been raising my voice during the journey against the too frequent and too sumptuous repasts, I sigh as much as any one for their delicious flesh pots. In India a good breakfast is everything, you can defy the fates if you have breakfasted well.

The stations on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway are very well kept; clean, tastefully laid out with flowers, and their sanitary conservancy admirably arranged, in striking contrast to the line we have hitherto been travelling on ; Nursingpur was a particu-

larly picturesque station. Here a swell Jat Zemindar or small Rajah, came to pay his respects to Lord Hobart. He was a well dressed rather handsome man, and wore a very peculiar turban, which looked like a stout silken rope twisted round his head in a loose and slovenly fashion. We ascertained that this head dress was peculiar to his family; that some long time back his clan being surprised, rushed into action with their turbans loosely twisted on, and won the battle; in commemoration of which the family have ever since worn their turbans in this fashion.

"One touch of nature makes the world akin." The loose Hussar jacket and the Steinkirk cravats owed their origin to similar events, they have at any rate the same tradition.

Crossed the Nerbudda again, looked in vain for the traditional toddy tree, sign of the Madras Presidency. I remember on the march down in 1859, with the A Troop Horse Artillery, how when we crossed the Nerbudda, an enthusiastic Madras Gunner called out to a comrade, "Tim, do you see the toddy tree, thank God we are in the Madras Presidency again!" For our men singularly enough did not appreciate Upper India; a poor place which produced no toddy!

The stations on this line are certainly very pretty, covered with the pretty white convolvulus creepers, and surrounded with neat gardens; nor are they painted sepulchres, they are as clean inside as out. The costumes of the people begins to change, their robes are looser, more flowing, and the turbans increasing in size. The native Station Master at Taisi has an enormous turban on which he informs me is the head dress of a Dekhane Brahmin; he is obliging enough to

stand quietly whilst I sketch it; evidently likes having his portrait taken.

THURSDAY, 30TH.—Awakened from a profound sleep by a ruffian flashing a ship's lantern in my face. Pirates, thieves, prepare for death!! "Your pass, if you please?" "What pass! take, oh! take anything, but don't kill me till I put my clothes on, like a good fellow."

"Your ticket, sir, if you please?"

"Ticket! what ticket? railway; oh! you're a railway guard! What on earth do you mean by waking a man out of a profound sleep in this ruffianly manner, and asking him for a ticket? I'll report you, Sir, by etc.," guard retires discomfited.

Can't sleep any more; envy Willoughby whom the guard didn't wake, and who sleeps on like an innocent baby. Am rewarded, however, presently by a beautiful sunrise as we ascend the Taul Ghaut. The ascent and descent, tedious and slow; hurried breakfast at Callian; return to our carriages and don our uniforms, for we are nearing Bombay. Arrive at Byculla at 11-38 A.M. Lord Hobart received by Private Secretary and heads of Departments, and a crowd of officers in full dress. We are soon in carriages and driving off to Parell escorted by the Body Guard, which here, as in Calcutta, are in scarlet uniforms.

Parell is a large unpretending looking Government House of the bungalow type, but is cosy and comfortable. We are all charmed with Sir Phillip W———, the Governor, a tall, handsome, courtly gentleman of the old school, who gave us a most cordial welcome. The Military Secretary, Colonel D——, is an old Madras friend, and the Hon'ble Mr. D—— does the honors of

the house. The house is full, so some of us are put in tents which are warm.

In the evening drove round Bombay with Willoughby in a carriage, placed at our disposal by Colonel D——.

Parell is three or four miles from the town, but the road all the way down is lined with villas on either side; most of them admirably built and well kept, reminding me of the clean, pretty houses of St. Denis in Bourbon. An open space in front planted as a garden and the houses of two stories, with a handsome verandah above, are painted in variegated colors, which some people would object to, but which I confess I like. The large centre street or bazaar which one drives through *en route* to the Fort, is extremely picturesque. It is much wider than the bazaar in Calcutta, and some of the houses have quite a noble appearance in size and richness of color; fine, tall, five storied houses, with over-hanging balconies as quaint as anything seen in an old Dutch town. I quite delight in the barbaric splendour of color these people heap upon their domiciles, some viewed artistically, are really magnificent. I admire the native's love of color, he does it so boldly; no sheepishness about it, he revels in reds, greens, yellows, and light blues.

When you have driven through the bazaar, the road emerges on a large open space or esplanade, and you come upon what may, I presume, be called more properly the English part of the town. Here are a number of very fine buildings in stone, and more are being erected; large, handsome, capacious buildings with gothic arches, quaint door-ways, arched corridors, with small, handsome marble and granite columns, of

the style Mr. Chisholm is introducing in Madras; very pretty and quaint, and a great improvement on the old ugly square D. P. W. style of building so common all over India; but I should think much warmer to dwell in.

We drove to the Town Hall, a fine building of the kind containing a good library and a few good statues, some by Chantrey. A statue of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeboy representing the old Parsee sitting, seems alive in its simple and natural position. The Elphinstone circle and buildings around the Hall are fine modern stone structures, reminding one of the buildings in Edinburgh; you might imagine yourself in a European city if it were not for the varied races around you.

A short drive from this brings you to the Apollo Bunder—(why Apollo? why Bunder?) It was a hazy day, so that we were disappointed in the view over the bay which we had heard was very fine. I was much disappointed also in the number of ships, I fancied the harbour would be crowded in this famed port of India, there was not one tithe, one hundredth part of the number seen in the Hooghly off Calcutta.

We were witness of a strange little scene as we leant over the stone parapet of the stairs leading down to the water. Below us on the steps were two Parsee ladies, and a young Parsee man. The ladies were richly habited; one, the eldest, in a dark rich red satin garment thrown loosely over her, another cloth folded in some mysterious manner enfolded her form, on her feet were stockings and slippers. She stood some way apart, some few steps higher up than her companions, who were younger and stood together nearer the water. The young man was dressed in the ordinary tight

fitting frock coat, of the peculiar shape Parsees wear, with the remarkably hideous hat of his people on the head; his companion was dressed much as the other lady but less richly; she held in her hand an ordinary paper bag such as sweetmeats are sold in, and every now and then she filled her right hand from the bag and flung what appeared to be bon-bons into the water; presently her attendant cavalier broke a young cocoa-nut in two and this—first one half and then after a few seconds the second half—she flung into the sea. The ceremony over, all three ascended the steps and drove off in a neat and well appointed brougham which had been waiting for them. What the ceremony was I have not the faintest idea. It seemed to us like a bethrothal. If so it was a somewhat public place to perform it in.

But how well these Parsee women look in their brilliantly colored, graceful and feminine costume, how simple and yet how entirely becoming! Whilst we looked at the scene I have attempted to describe above, a young East Indian woman sat near us contemplating it also. She was dressed in a gown made of some stuff of a brownish grey color, with a mantle of the same material over her shoulders; on her head a hat of the present fashion with a draggle tail feather hanging from it, a hot, stuffy, unclean, ugly costume, compared with the cleanly, simple and feminine raiment of the Parsee women.

Again at the Band Stand whither we drove from the Bunder, I could not help contrasting the contents of two carriages. In the one, an open landau, were three European ladies; one somewhat elderly sits with her profile turned towards us, the most prominent por-

tion of which is the malar bone; she has the misfortune not to be handsome, but what she wears in no way hides the plainness, it makes her ten times plainer. She has on a small straw hat, well bent down over her brow which is entirely hidden, so that the prominent malar bone has fair play; from the hat hang two feathers; her hair is gathered from her face *a la chinoise*, and ends behind in a tremendous chignon of false hair. What can be more trying, more utterly in bad taste than such a head dress to a plain woman? On her left is a young and pretty blonde, also with a hat and feather and an enormous chignon, but her youth and good looks save her from being the gross caricature her more mature companion is; opposite is a lady dressed much the same as the elderly lady first described and as effectively. In a roomy brougham not five paces off sit two Parsee ladies, their heads are covered with a single fold of the rich brightly colored silk shawl which covers their shoulders. I can only see their cheerful faces, which with laughing black eyes and pearly teeth, give full expression to the conversation they are carrying on with great animation, but their costume to my mind is a perfectly natural, beautiful and feminine one.

If we could petrify these two groups and put each away under a large glass case, say for a hundred years, and then shew them to some artist or man of taste, would he believe our country-women could ever have dressed in such a hideous manner? The Parsee women are dressed in the immortal feminine costume of all time; as the holy Madonna dressed, as the matrons of ancient Rome and Greece dressed, as the woman of India and indeed the whole East of our time dress.

In simple robes of striking colors, with nothing on their heads but the hair nature gave them.

Having vented my crude ideas on costume, "I will the mild cheroot and bed."

JANUARY, 31ST.—Drove in the morning to the Arab Stables to look for a horse for Lady Hobart. Never saw so many Arabs—men, not horses—before; very picturesque in their bernous costume and staid dignified demeanour. Met Captain P—— of the Madras side, who drove me to the Byculla Club, a nice, neat, handsome building, but not nearly so large as our Madras Club. In the afternoon in a hired buggy about the Town, visited the Crawford market, a fine, handsome structure, with ample supply of water laid on, and yet withal, not so cleanly kept as it might be. Oh! but that Madras had such a market! In the evening a larger dinner party at Government House, sixty-four people sitting down; a capital dinner and admirably managed; the Governor is such a handsome, genial manly host. After dinner some music; a Roman Catholic bishop, in the striking costume of his order, sat down to my utter astonishment and played the piano admirably. Astonishment not at his playing well, but playing at all.

FEBRUARY, 1ST.—In the morning after breakfast drove about the town in a hired buggy. These vehicles stand in the streets as cabs do in London; a man, generally an Armenian or a Mussulman, drives you, sitting alongside; the vehicles are clean, but the drivers are not. Visited the Exhibition which is not yet open to the public. I was not particularly struck with the articles exhibited, except with some curious silver work from Kutch. There was a very fair, for India, collec-

tion of works of art, some indifferent copies of the ancient masters, and some fair original portraits. In the room of architectural drawings, a large and well executed drawing of our new Railway Station by Chisholm seems to occupy the post of honour.

On return to Parell, I found that we were all to go to a pic-nic to the caves of Elephanta. We drove to some pier and embarked on board a steamer, which is, I believe, the Governor's yacht. A great many of the êlite of Bombay had been asked to meet Lord Hobart, and amongst the guests were Lords Grosvenor, and Stafford, with Dr. Martin. It was a pleasant trip steaming across the bay, and the different views of the distant hills as they opened up at our approach were very pretty ; but I am free to confess the scenery disappointed me ; it is not so good as from description I had expected ; it is not to be compared for instance with the Firth of Clyde, or the Bay of Naples, or Dublin. The caves of Elephanta are on a small island on the opposite side of the water, and after landing you ascend to them by a long flight of stone steps. The principal cave might more properly be called a hall, a large spacious hall, excavated in the side of the mountain ; the roof supported by four rows of solid curiously carved stone columns, the whole thing with wonderful skill, perseverance and ingenuity worked out of the solid granite. There are four rows of columns making a large centre and two side aisles ; at the further end of the hall, facing the entrance, there are inlet spaces like the chancel of a church, and on the walls compartments in which figures are cut out of the solid rock. The centre space contains three colossal heads, the middle one looks towards the spec-

tator, a large-eyed, full-lipped, sensuous female face, of wonderful calm and repose, with a weird sphynx-like expression. Around its neck a string of ornaments of the same pattern as are worn in the present day by the women,—Nairs and Tiers,—of the Malabar Coast. The ears pierced with large holes and the lobe pendulous, as is also seen to this very day among the same women. The face is surmounted by a conical head dress not very distinctly seen in the dim light, but from beneath it escape curls more like those of an African. To its left is a head of the same colossal dimensions in profile; this too looks like a female face, and has a very marked protruding under lip. To the right of the centre face is a male head also in profile; this is mutilated, but the upper lip bears a tolerably full moustache, he is looking at the head of a cobra, which he grasps in his right hand. These heads are discribed in the guide books as the heads of Shiva as Brahma, the centre one; to the left, the full lipped one, Shiva as Vishnu, the preserver, and the right one Rudra the Destroyer.* The Hindu Trinity! Mysterious Trinity!!

The tablets on each side of the large centre one are, on the right the incarnation of some Hindu divinity, who in naked simplicity, sits surrounded by worshipping forms. On the left a marriage ceremony is represented, two colossal nude figures of a man and woman, and a number of forms around in strange postures. All around in various parts of the hall, on the supporting columns and elsewhere, colossal figures are cut out of the solid rock in bold relief.

* The Trimurti or trinity of the vedas born of Brahm and composed of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer.

There is also a side chapel in which an enormous Lingam stone reposes on its usual mortar-like bed. A dark mysterious place, which in by-gone-times must have been a holy of holies. Some wag announced that it was a wishing stone, and the young ladies of our party were presently to be seen solemnly walking around it three times, and then standing silently to wish. Let us hope all their desires had due fruition granted them.

After the party had duly wandered about these mysterious, dimly-lighted halls and chapels, "the Roast Beef of old England" played out by the Governor's band, gave us to understand that dinner had not been forgotten. Down the centre aisle was spread a splendid table, and presently the weird calm face of Brahma was looking down upon about seventy English men and women heartily enjoying themselves over a most sumptuous repast. They do these things well at Bombay one is free to confess; the dinner was as perfect and well served as if we had been dining at Parell, not the smallest thing seemed to be forgotten. Outside the Governor's Band discoursed sweet music all the while, and if only I had known some one of the pretty women around me to speak to—it was the crumpled rose— I should have pronounced that dinner in the dim, dark halls of Elephanta, the most perfect thing I ever assisted at. But even that pleasant dinner comes to an end, as we retire from it the hall is lit up with Bengal fire, and Brahma with his quiet gaze gives us a long, mournful, silent adieu. In some last sickness that face will haunt one. We are now out in the dark, and our way down the long flight of steps is lighted at long intervals by flaming flambeaux.

At the bottom of the steps we are kept waiting some time, the tide has gone down, and it is necessary that each person be carried across a long, low swamp of black mud in a chair to the boats. The waiting gives us time to contemplate a wonderful effect of light and shade. Attending us, to light the way, are a number of men bearing torches. These torches are made in a singular manner; a sort of framework is borne on a tall pole and into this frame-work, already containing fire, is from time to time thrown pieces of dry cocoanut shell which blazing up gives a splendid light. The effect is magnificent—the torch bearer, and his immediate surroundings are in a bright light, boldly reflected in the slush below while all around is inky darkness; a number of these dotted about the dark shore, and borne with the chairs across the ebon mud, had a splendid effect. It was not difficult to imagine that Brahma was having us conveyed away by evil spirits to the unknown realms of darkness, for having desecrated his hall with revels. We were a long time disembarking and did not reach Parell till past one o'clock.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—Quiet day, dined in the evening with a relation at Malabar Hill. On my way there, I was much struck with the nice, comfortable equipages of the Parsees, the homely, friendly way in which groups of them were spending the afternoon on the sea shore of Back Bay. They always make me think of our English Quakers, in their quiet, solid respectability and peculiar dress.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD.—Went with Willoughby to the Cathedral. Full of very interesting monuments. One particularly fine, in white marble not long erected:

erected: "In Memory of the Right Rev. Thomas Carr, D.D., first Bishop of Bombay. After a service of nearly thirty-five years in this presidency successively as Chaplain, Archdeacon and Bishop, he continued his labors as Rector of Bath, in England, for five years and four months, and died in the 72nd year of his age, on the 5th of September, (A.D.) 1859. In love and reverence this monument is erected by his widow."

It represents the Bishop reclining full length with his hands crossed in prayer. It is admirably executed in white marble, and was full of interest to us as being a monument in memory of Lady Hobart's father. From the Cathedral we drove over to the Post Office, a fine, handsome building in granite, in the Gothic style, built since the amazing prospects in cotton set in on this Western Capital of India; opposite is an equally handsome building in the same style, the offices of the Public Works Department. All around this part of Bombay, large handsome buildings of solid stone have been, or are, in course of erection. Should its prosperity continue, Bombay bids fair to be one of the handsomest cities in the world.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.—Said good-bye to Bombay, and the most hospitable of Governors, Sir Phillip Wodehouse. Drove down as we came, in the Governor's carriages escorted by the Body Guard. A large concourse of people on the platform had assembled to bid Lord and Lady Hobart adieu. I think we were all very sorry to say good-bye to the Western Capital, for not only had Sir Philip been most kind and hospitable, but the Hon'ble Mrs. D—, her husband and the Aides, had been so polite and attentive, that our

stay was a most pleasant one. As we are borne swiftly away, it seems to get warmer every moment, it is the first hot day we have had on our journey since we left Madras. After an hour or two we commence the ascent of the Bhor Ghaut. The country becomes Alpine, and the scenery is not unlike the country about the Apennines on the road from Florence to Bologna. The land is very dry, parched, and the river beds devoid of water. On our right we pass a mountain with a flat table land on the top which we are told is Materan, the Bombay Coonoor. We get occasional peeps of valleys lying between the mountains, but there is none of that delicious green verdure one sees on our Neilgherries; on the contrary, the hills are parched and barren, and the more we proceed, the worse it gets. The aspect of these burnt and dried up hills fills one with melancholy. *Lacsiate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.* Is it really the dismal hills, or are we sad at leaving the delights of Bombay?

At last we reach the top station called Khandala, where we are informed by an enterprising Parsee that he has a very comfortable hotel and splendid shooting in the neighbourhood; several of our fellow-passengers descend with luggage and gun cases, adding evidence to his assertion, but we speed on our way. We are now on the famous Mahratta table land, scene of many a bloody campaign for India's supremacy in days gone by. There is a picture by-the-bye in Government House, Bombay, full of interest, and telling a tale of those bye-gone Mahratta days. It is the portrait on one canvass, of three Indian celebrities. The Peishwa Mhadow Row Narrain in the centre, on his left Mhadjee Scindiah, on his right and a little below him Nana

Furnavese, (or Ballojee Junaideen). They are very handsomely dressed in Cashmere shawls and magnificent jewelry, and although the picture shows the traces of time, the faces are still full of expression and power. I could obtain no information about it, no one cares about pictures; but this picture would tell an interesting tale I am sure, if one could hunt out its legend. Nana Furnavese whose astute and powerful face forms the principal attraction in the group, and who must have been as ugly and interesting as my Kinkob merchant of Benares, was the Prime Minister of the Mahratta powers when the English, in 1779, suffered defeat at their hands. Our retreat from Tullygaum, and subsequent convention of Worgaom, if not the most disastrous was certainly the most disgraceful event in the annals of our army in India. Nana Furnavese was the Minister who signed that convention on the part of Scindiah and the Peishwa. Why their portraits were painted, by whom, and why hung in the Government House, Bombay, would form most interesting details if one could obtain them. More than seventy years after, another Nana signed a convention with Europeans as humiliating to us as the first, but the disgrace this time,—thank God,—was with the natives entirely; when one raises a howl of indignant hatred against the second Nana for his perfidy and faithlessness, one should in fairness remember how Mr. Carnac behaved to his ancestor Nana Furnavese about the convention of Worgaom. A gross act of political injustice bears fruit in time, surely, if slowly. We pass Worgaom on the way, and presently the train comes to a stop at the station of Khirkee, where we descend and enter carriages which are in

waiting to convey us to Kunish Khind, the Bombay Governor's residence in Poona.

A short drive along a parched kunker road, with sickly mimosa trees on either side, brought us presently to the park gates, and so on to the famous house itself. Famous, for I suppose about as much indignation and abuse has been poured out by economists and finance committees on Kunish Khind, as on any house in the world. Well, it is a fine house, with no very great amount of accommodation. The ball room is very handsome; the furniture of velvet and gold; and the general decorations white and gold, with a perfect floor. There is a very beautiful conservatory with marble columns, a charming place for flirtations, and not too far from the ball room. The dining room is also a very fine apartment, and the private sitting room and library of the Governor handsome, well-furnished rooms. There is a very handsome wooden staircase leading to the bed rooms upstairs, but these are few in number, and there must be some difficulty in lodging the Governor's household. The garden is well kept, and there is a fine terrace from which a good view of a singularly flat and uninteresting landscape can be obtained, *et voila tout.*

I had read and heard so much of Kunish Khind that I confess I was disappointed; a sort of oriental palace, such as one reads of in the Arabian Nights, rose before my mind; a place of barbaric splendour, gold and pearls and precious stones. Bah! it is a handsome country seat, suitable for the Governor of a presidency, and just such another residence should be built at Ootacamund for the Governor of Madras, instead of his being lodged,—as Lord Napier was,—

in a tumble down barn, pervious to every heavy shower.

How Kunish Khind could cost the fabulous sum laid to its charge is another thing. I am sure at Ooty such a house might be built for £20,000 to £30,000; we will leave out say the marble columns. The original proprietor of the Poona Palace was a Parsee, who made a fortune in cotton, built Kunish Khind and lost his money before he could live in it. It was sold and the Bombay Government wisely bought it. The only suitable residence on the Neilgherries for a Governor is the Cedars, which cost a lakh of rupees to build, and which might have been purchased a few years ago for about twenty-five thousand rupees, but the Madras Gevernment *did not* buy it.

From Kunish Khind is a pleasant drive to the Railway Station; we did not see Poona at its best I presume. It was very dry weather and everything looked parched and dusty; but we saw enough to leave a pleasant impression. A large handsome town with some fine buildings and many comfortable looking villas; a river running through it spanned by a substantial bridge; many bullock bandies, natives with good turbans and ample cloths wrapped round them, is the general picture left on my mind from the drive through.

It was evening before we arrived at the Railway Station where we dined before proceeding on our journey. What a dinner! Oh! Kellner and Co., why have you deserted us? Capt. Hope, formerly A.D.C., now in the Bombay Staff Corps, came to see Lord and Lady Hobart and joined us at dinner, the only pleasant reminiscence of that wretched repast.

CHAPTER X.

Home.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH.—When we awake this morning we find ourselves travelling through a flat uninteresting sparsely cultivated country. Immense rocks here and there standing boldly out of the dead level plain around are the only objects for the eyes to dwell on. Advantage has been taken at one place where one rock is decidedly larger than the rest, and is supported by numerous stony compatriots, to build a fort called Yeddagharry. Here we halt and have chota hazree. I find we are in the Nizam's territory, and the miserable appearance of the houses and people around would have told as much, without the confirmatory evidence of a picturesque body of very irregular cavalry drawn up outside the station. I am not at all prejudiced, at least I believe not, in favor of British rule. I like native States with their barbaric splendour, and foreign countries I delight in, but I do firmly believe from what I have seen in India, that our rule is far away the best the natives have ever had. I remember in the year after the mutiny on my way back from Bengal, I travelled in a palkee from Nagpore to Rajahmundry passing right through the Nizam's territory, and I never saw such wretched and poverty-stricken places. It was impossible in many to procure the commonest articles of food such as milk or eggs, and the people, as a rule, fled away out of the villages at one's appearance; often I saw dead bodies lying in the road, and I remember a melancholy fear coming over me lest I too should be left to die by the road side. One morning on awaking, I found myself in a much more comfortable looking village than usual,

and with ease procured good milk, eggs and chupatties. On tendering an old man who had brought me these, a Hyderabad rupee, he declined it and asked for a Company's. "Why, is your Nizam's money not good enough for you ?" "I am not the Nizam's servant by the grace of God, but your honor's," replied the old man, whom I found was a pensioned sepoy.

The answer, the appearance of the village and people, made a great impression on me; for the events of the mutiny has awakened doubts in my mind, as in the minds of many Englishmen at the time, whether we had any business in the country. It did much to remove those doubts, and every succeeding year, during which I have served in native States as well as our own, has strengthened the conviction that our Raj is to the natives themselves, by far the best.

The next station we stop at is Raichore. Here Mr. Elwin with his genial presence, and Mr. Barton Wright with his magnificent beard, are on the platform, and give pleasant evidence of our near approach to the Madras Presidency. Mr. Masters, Collector of Bellary, is also here to pay his respects to Lord Hobart, and conduct him into his district. Raichore, however, is still Nizam's territory and there is quite a splendid guard of honor of the Nizam's soldiers drawn up to do honor to the Governor of Madras. The company of Foot Soldiers on the platform are dressed in scarlet like British Soldiers, and their clothing accoutrements,&c., are quite handsome, as good, if not better, than that of our European soldiers. The Officers, as dark as the privates, are also admirably dressed. Outside is a cloud of Cavalry decently mounted on country bred horses, accoutred in green and carrying spears ; an

effective looking set of men. There are moreover native officials, Collectors, Inspectors of Police, Tahsildars, &c., so that the little station of Raichore is quite gay with the throng of people come to welcome Lord and Lady Hobart. After breakfast, we enter a special train and start for Bellary. We cross the Kistna, an enormously wide river bed as wide as the Hooghly, but containing at this time of the year very little water; the country we are passing through is flat, but well cultivated, away in the distance bold granite rocks standing up in the plain somewhat relieve the dull uniformity of the landscape; we pass endless cotton fields, with the cracked black soil and small stunted mimosa trees. There is a singular absence of living creatures; no cattle, no people, and were it not that the land is cultivated, one would imagine it was deserted. Towards evening the declining rays of the setting sun light up in the distance the summit of an enormous rock, which we are told is the rock of Bellary, and just before it is dark we glide into the station of this important Military Cantonment. The platform is crowded with military, the scarlet uniforms of the Infantry, the dark blue of the Artillery, and light French grey of the Madras Cavalry, form with the costumes of the ladies a very pretty scene. Presently Mr. Loch, the Private Secretary, is hard at work introducing the Staff to His Excellency, who seems delighted with the cordial reception into his own territories. Introductions over, there is a general movement to the carriages, and we are soon rattling away with a splendid escort of light blue Cavalry into the town. Lord and Lady Hobart with the private and military secretaries are the guests of the highest Civil authority, Mr. Masters; my lot has fallen in pleasant

places, I find myself in a carriage with General and Mrs. Woods, old and kind friends, and am carried off to their house to be their guest.

An English house is a nice thing, and its praises have been the theme of well merited eulogium. A well appointed Indian house is not a bad place to rest in either. The large clean bed room, the noiseless punkah which mysteriously begins its swing the moment you enter the room, the spacious and well appointed bath room, the attentive and obsequious servants, all this I find awaiting me at the General's house, and I quite revel in the comfort and amplitude of my lodgment. General Woods is of the old school of Indian Officers, John Companie Ke Bahadoor Ke Sirdar; and there is all that air of comfort and scrupulous neatness which used to characterise the dwellings of our Indian officials in olden times, but which I am afraid is passing away. The servants salaam and treat one as if they still believed one was a somebody, another pleasant illusion which is fast vanishing from the land.

There was a large dinner party this evening at the Collector's; all the rank and beauty of the station was there of course. After dinner, music, and so to bed under the noiseless punkah, which soon wafted me to the realm of dreams.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.—Bellary is a large and important Military Cantonment, containing a European Regiment, European Artillery, Native Cavalry, and Infantry, in all about 3,000 men. It is a typical Indian Military Station on an uninteresting parched plain of cotton soil, dotted with officers' white bungalows and soldiers' barracks. In the middle the rock of Bellary, a large overgrown boulder, lies seething in

the sun, reflecting its rays, and radiating heat, long after that luminary has retired to rest. To look at, one would imagine Bellary the hottest and most uninteresting of stations, and yet oddly enough when I ventured to remark as much to a young medical officer who had just joined from Malta, he assured me he infinitely preferred it to that island.

Early in the morning Lord Hobart accompanied by the Station Staff and his own, started to inspect the cantonment. The first place visited was the European Military Hospital, a large square D. P. W. structure, spacious, comfortable, but badly supplied with water. Indeed want of good water seems to be the great characteristic of Bellary. His Excellency carefully inspected the wards accompanied by Dr.——, who energetically descanted on certain wants, especially water. I may be pardoned for saying so, but I always notice with delight the warm interest our Military Surgeons take in the welfare of their men, and how much depends in a country like this, and a station like Bellary on effective medical supervision. From the roof of the hospital a fine panoramic view of the station and surrounding country is obtained. Not far from the hospital are the Artillery lines and Lord Hobart inspected these. The horses are picketed out in the open, day and night, and there is no shelter of trees as one sees in the admirable Artillery lines at Kamptee and St. Thomas' Mount. Most of the brown Australian horses had turned a sort of russet white in consequence of their constant exposure to the sun's rays, so at least the Artillery officers, who took us round, explained it. There were the horses and there the peculiar colour, and this was the only explanation

which could be offered. The Arctic hares turn white from the constant glare of the snow, and there is no reason why the coats of horses should not follow some parallel, but equally inexplicable natural law. An interesting fact for Darwin.

The hospitals of the native regiments to which we next drove are very comfortable, well ventilated buildings, and apparently quite new. Then a long drive through an ordinary Indian bazaar past the tank, a large, shallow piece of water somewhat picturesque, into the old fort in and around the rock. By this time the sun was well up, it was getting warm and one could well form some idea of what an intolerable place of imprisonment this oven of a fort must have been in the olden times of Europeans. What a dreary, desolate collection of white-washed sepulchres the few bungalows look, how hot, how stuffy, how suggestive of cholera and fever ! ! The only place of any interest which dwells pleasurably on the memory, was a school for European orphans which we found Lady Hobart inspecting. Poor little orphans of European soldiers, left behind after the regiments of their fathers have moved on ; what a desolate fate, and what a benevolent and sterling charity which occupies itself with their relief and education ! The orphans of soldiers who die on foreign service, should be the adopted children of the Empire. I was glad I confess when the carriages were ordered and we drove out of the fort. It was all the time telling me it was a huge sepulchre for Europeans. The men of the old European regiments had a quaint, and I am afraid some people would think a blasphemous story, of a soldier who pleaded that he had been in "Bellairy" four years to

St. Peter, as a set off against future punishment, and the plea was allowed.

Through the native town a large but cleanly kept place, possessing no temples or anything of interest, if we except the spacious and apparently flourishing cotton press works of Messrs. Dymes & Co.

In the afternoon Lord Hobart held a levee, at which all the officers of the garrison were presented to His Excellency. Lady Hobart held a reception at the same time, receiving the ladies. After an early dinner we bade adieu to Bellary and our hospitable friends, and took train for the south.

There is a very curious tree, a species of Acacia,—Dr. Bidie tells me Acacia Latronum, a mere variety of the Acacia Arabica—in Bellary, I do not remember to have seen growing anywhere else in India. It is called the Umbrella tree from its peculiar shape, and much resembles a cedar of Lebanon in miniature. General Woods tells me it is about the only tree which grows freely in Bellary. It is a very striking and picturesque feature in an otherwise uninteresting scenery. The rest of our journey was speedily accomplished some time during the night. We stopped at Cuddapah and took in a large number of people who were almost as difficult to arrange as the good people at Allahabad. On the platform, whilst the train was waiting, I entered into conversation with one of the many native officials who had come to meet Lord Hobart, and asked him amongst other things if he had ever been to Benares? "No," he said, "and had no desire to go; Madras possessed a much holier shrine than any of Benares, in the Hill of Triputty." So that, contrary to

received acceptation, one finds a prophet has sometimes credit in his own country.

FEBRUARY, 7TH.—We find ourselves on awaking, spinning along through the Arcot district and very pretty it is. We had no idea anything so lovely lay so near Madras. Hills, water, plenty of it, and the beautiful bright green of the early paddy stretching away in long valleys between the mountains formed in the morning sun a charming landscape; refreshing to the eye after the dreary plains about Bellary. We were all agreed that it was the prettiest country we had yet passed through, presently we turned the spur of the hills, left them behind us, and sped on through a level country well watered however, and beautifully cultivated.

We stop to breakfast at Arconum, and whilst there the down train passes on its way to Coimbatore. What a very different race in appearance our Tamil people are to the people of Bengal, N. W. Provinces, and the Deccan! Swarthier, more prognathous, not so well clothed; but sturdier, more muscular, and less apathetic. How wonderful too the difference in the vernacular; what a tremendous noise a collection of Tamil and Telugu people make; they all speak at the same time and at the top of their voices, no one seems bound to listen. Another thing soon strikes one, the number of natives on our side that speak English, and some of them so well. I confess to being fond of our Madrasees, and my heart warmed at being amongst them again.

"Ah! dear Edinbro I smell thee noo," is attributed to an enthusiastic Scot on approaching the capital of his country; and as we shoot past the Salt Cotaurs nearing

Madras, one might very well have exclaimed it of our charming city, how the foul swamps around sent forth their most nauseous odours as if to welcome us back. Thank goodness that was soon over, and now the pretty People's Park burst upon us, and Cochrane's canal with its banks crowded with people, sending forth a good ringing cheer as the train shoots past into the new Central Railway Station.

Our month's pleasure trip, unalloyed by a single contretemps or misadventure, had come to an end.

"*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"